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MANNA-CRUMBS

FOR

HUNGRY SOULS.

CONSISTING OF

EXCERPTS FROM THE LETTERS

OF THE

REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,

GATHERED BY THE

REV. W. P. BREED, D.D.

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PREFACE.

"HE GIVETH GOODLY WORDS."—GEN. xlix. 21.

THE godly utterances of saintly men are the grace of God translated from human experience into human language. The Holy Ghost dwells in regenerated souls, to mould them into Christ's image and lead them into the deeper mysteries of divine truth, and some of these souls he bears upon his wings very far up the sides of Zion, and from its sunny peaks shows them many bright things, of which it is for the joy and edification of those who linger on the lower slopes to hear them speak.

The sacred writers speak to us from the mount of Inspiration, and simply pass into our possession the truths which God imparts to them. Or if any ingredients of their own experience are commingled in their writings with these divinely imparted truths, we are always at a loss as to the dividing line between the divine and the human. We never can tell just how much their experimental piety owes to their peculiar relation to God as inspired men. Inspiration is not necessarily indeed associated with a gracious state. Balaam was, no doubt, the subject of inspiration. But actual good in the heart can hardly fail to catch new hues, and be kindled into fuller glow, by the presence in the mind of divinely imparted truth, or by that peculiar

controlling influence which always accompanies its expression. Even in such writings as the fifty-first psalm, that matchless song of the contrite soul, we cannot with certainty distinguish between the emotional currents caused by the presence and agency of the Spirit as inspirer, and his influences simply as sanctifier.

Hence the experience of those highly favoured of the Holy Ghost, yet uninspired, comes more fully and certainly within the range of piety as possible to all men of all ages, and puts its subjects more undeniably upon the common level of the regenerated. And for this reason such experience must have a peculiar attraction for all strugglers up the steeps of sanctification. And the eminences to which these godly ones have been enabled to climb, instead of discouraging us feebler ones, ought to fill us with joy and hope.

When the child of genius gazes upon some miracle of art, a statue, or painting, or follows the flight of a master-poet as he soars and shakes the glories of poesy from his wings, it gladdens his heart to see how much is possible to man, and inspirits him to the higher aims of a lofty ambition. So we, as we lift our half-fledged wings to struggle along in our humble, intermittent flights, ought to find fresh encouragement in the attainments of others, who we know were by nature just the same weak, imperfect, sin-laden creatures as ourselves. For if the indwelling Spirit taught them to fly so high, who shall limit his gracious power and say that he cannot do for even our poor selves what he has done for others? If he can fit eagle-wings to one block of stone, why not to another? What-

ever our expectations may be, it is something that our desires are strong, and that any degree of advance is at least possible.

Among those who, since apostolic times, have towered high in devotional flights, or gone deep into the mines of spiritual wealth, the Rev. Samuel Rutherford of Scotland will always be named with affectionate reverence by those familiar with his writings.

Born in the year 1600, and sinking to sleep in 1661, his life was passed amidst political and ecclesiastical agitations well calculated to develope a masculine piety, and polish it to a lustre of more than ordinary glow.

This memorable parenthesis of British history, saw James the First put on the English crown, and transfer it to Charles the First. It saw this Charles sink under the wrath of an indignant nation into a grave of blood. It embosomed the memorable period of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. And a year before the death of Rutherford, it saw the triumphant march of Charles the Second from Dover to London, and the inauguration of those Bacchanalian revelries in which all virtue and decency were well nigh drowned.

This period was marked by unusual violence, in that long war which the heroic, bleeding church of Scotland had to wage against the profane, persistent, and merciless encroachments of the civil power. Into this war Rutherford threw himself with all the energy of a high and heroic nature, and more than once found himself in the relentless clutches of persecution.

In 1636 he was torn from his flock at Anwoth and ban-

ished to Aberdeen, a large deputation of his people accompanying him to his place of confinement. At this place he wrote about two hundred and twenty of those Letters, so replete with the life of an exalted godliness. Many of these he dates from "Christ's palace in Aberdeen," and in one of them he writes of the better land as—"A land that has more than four summers in the year! What a singing life is there! There is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all sing and breathe out heaven, joy, glory, dominion to the High Prince of that new found land! And verily the land is sweeter that He is the glory of that land!"

In 1638 another blow from the hand of the tyrant on the throne roused the whole nation. The Covenant was revised, and, amidst fasting and prayer and tears, signed by the flower of the nation, and in some instances with blood drawn from the arms of the signers! Rutherford now hastened back to Anwoth. In 1643 he went to London as Commissioner to the great Westminster Assembly of Divines, and had an important share in framing its memorable Confession and Catechisms.

But freedom ebbed again, and Rutherford, for his noble work "Lex Rex," "Law is King," was deposed from all his offices and summoned to answer before Parliament the charge of High Treason. But sickness had laid its hand upon him, which, with his many trials, domestic and other, ripened him for a better world. To the summons of his persecutors, which reached him upon his death-bed, he answered—"I have got another summons before a Supreme Judge and Judicatory, and I behoove to answer my first

summons, and ere your day arrive I will be where few kings and great folks come."

His Letters, making a volume numbering some three hundred and fifty, have been published again and again, and are highly prized by the devout. We are told that Baxter said of them, "Hold off the Bible—such a book the world never saw!" Richard Cecil wrote, "He is one of my classics." The size of the book, however, as well as some peculiarities of expression, have greatly limited its circulation. For years, in reading these letters, we have been in the habit of marking passages remarkable for their pith or spiritual brilliancy, and at length determined to copy them for publication in a little volume by themselves under appropriate headings. We trust the work will not be unacceptable to Christians into whose hands it may come.

It was at first our intention to attempt some classification of these gracious utterances, but aside from the difficulty of the task, it occurred to us as better to let them run in a chronological order. For in this succession we discover the ebbs and flows of his devotional feeling, and are often struck with the abruptness and magnitude of spiritual vicissitude in his heart. To-day we find him in the Slough of Despond, and to-morrow on the Delectable Mountains; here struggling up the Hill Difficulty, and there reposing in the palace Beautiful; at one time filled with exultation, at another groaning under deadness of heart or filled with discomfort by the revival of "old challenges," the startling echoes of past transgressions and shortcomings, in all which the spiritually-minded reader will see the lineaments of his own countenance.

Of these extracts may we not say as the Rev. A. A. Bonar says of the Letters themselves, in the preface of an edition of them, republished in this country by the Messrs. Robert Carter and Brothers, New York, that they cannot fail to be precious to "all who are sensible of their own and the church's decay and corruptions—all who delight in the Surety's imputed righteousness—all who rejoice in the gospel of free grace, all who seek to grow in holiness, all afflicted persons—all who love the person of Christ—and all who love that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour."

We can only add that if the perusal of these excerpts shall convey to any considerable number of God's people even a portion of the instruction and delight experienced by the compiler in preparing them, this little volume will prove no mere cumberer of the book-shelves.

Philadelphia, 1864. W. P. B.

MANNA-CRUMBS.

The Pastor's Love of his People.

I would lay my dearest joys in the gap between you and eternal destruction.

My witness is in heaven, your heaven would be two heavens to me, and your salvation two salvations.

My day thoughts and my night thoughts are of you.

Spiritual Darkness.

The wound of a wounded conscience is a most inexpressible terror; none can describe it but he who has tried and tasted the same. It impaireth the health, drieth up the blood, wasteth away the marrow, pineth away the flesh, consumeth away the bones, maketh pleasure painful, and shorteneth life. No wisdom can counsel it, no counsel can advise it, no advice can persuade it, no assuagement can cure it, no eloquence can move it, no power can overcome it, no spectre affray it, no enchanter charm it.

Christ Steadfast.

Your heart is not the compass that Christ saileth by.

Faith.

Faith may dance because Christ singeth. Faith *apprehendeth* pardon, but never payeth a penny for it.

Sickness a Blessing.

I hear Christ has been so kind as to visit you with sickness, and to bring you to the door of the grave: but ye found the door shut, blessed be his glorious name, till ye be riper for eternity.

Holy Confidence.

I never knew before what his love was in such a measure. If he leave me, he leaveth me in pain and sick of love; and yet my sickness is my life and health. I have a fire within me and I defy all the devils in hell to cast water on it!

Holy Longings.

The Lord knoweth that, if I could, I would sell myself without reversion to Christ. O sweet Lord Jesus, make a market and overbid all my buyers! I dare swear that there is a mystery in Christ which I never saw—a mystery of love! Oh, if he would lay by the lap of the covering that is over it, and let my greedily longing soul see it, I would break the door and be in upon him to get my fill of love; for I am an hungered and famished soul.

The Ministry.

Pray for me that the Lord would give me house-room again to hold a candle to this dark world.

Christ a Physician.

A soul bleeding to death, till Christ were sent for, and cried for in all haste, to come and stem the blood and close up the hole in the wound, were a very good disease when many are dying of a whole heart.

Contest with Sin.

Alas! how often play I fast and loose with Christ! He bindeth, I loose; he buildeth, I cast down; he trimmeth up a salvation for me, and I mar it. I fall out with Christ, and he agreeth with me again twenty times a day. I forfeit my kingdom and heritage; I lose what I had, but Christ is at my back, and following on to stoop and take up what falleth from me. Were I in heaven, and had the crown on my head, if Free-Will were my tutor, I should lose heaven. Seeing I lose myself, what wonder I should let go and lose Jesus my Lord.

Our Light Affliction.

Men do lop the branches off their trees round about, to the end that they may grow up high and tall. The Lord hath in this way lopped your branch, in taking from you many children, to the end ye should grow upward, like one of the Lord's cedars, setting your heart above, where Christ is at the right hand of the Father. 2 Cor. iv. 17.

Dig Deeper.

I dare avouch the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet earnest and of the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, *if we would take more pains.*

Inbred Sin.

I am every way in your case, as hard hearted and dead as any man, but yet speak to Christ through my sleep. Sol. Song, v. 2.

Christ our Helper.

I do persuade myself that ye know that the weightiest end of the cross of Christ which is laid upon you, lieth upon your strong Saviour. Courage! Up your heart! When ye do tire, he will bear both you and your burden!

Christ Enough.

They lose nothing who gain Christ.

God's Right to His Own.

Ye can no more justly quarrel with your great Superior for taking his own at his just term-day, than a poor farmer can complain that his master taketh a portion of his own land to himself when the lease is expired. Indeed, that long loan of such a good daughter, an heir of grace, a member of Christ, deserveth more thanks at your creditor's hands than that ye should gloom and murmur when he craveth but his own.

Causeless Gloom.

Ye are like Jacob mourning at the supposed death of Joseph, when Joseph was living. The new creature, the image of the second Adam, is living in you, and yet ye are mourning at the supposed death of the life of Christ in you.

Christ Jesus, whom your soul through forests and mountains is seeking, is within you.

Christ Unchanging.

There be many Christians most like unto young sailors, who think the shore and the whole land do move, when the ship and they themselves are moved; just so not a few do imagine that God moveth, and saileth and changeth places because their giddy souls are under sail, and subject to alteration, to ebbing and flowing—but the foundation of the Lord abideth sure.

Love of Christ.

I doubt not that if hell were betwixt you and Christ as a river, which ye behooved to cross ere ye could come at him, but ye would willingly put in your foot and make through to be at him upon hope that he would come in himself into the deepest of the river and lend you his hand.

Above the World.

My Lord hath brought me to this, that I would not give a drink of cold water for this world's kindness.

Consolation.

Ye have one with you in the furnace whose visage is like unto the Son of God. If your health did not require so much of him, he would not spend so much physic upon you. All the brethren and sisters of Christ must be conformed to his image and copy in suffering, and some do more *vively* resemble the copy than others.

Behold your forerunner, going out of the world all in a lake of blood, and it is not ill to die as he did.

Be Patient.

Do not weary, neither think that death walketh toward you with a slow pace. Ye must be riper ere ye be shaken; your days are no longer than Job's that were swifter than a post—as the eagle that hasteth for the prey. There is less sand in your glass now than there was yesterday.

Persuade yourself that the King is coming. Read his letter sent before him—"Behold, I come quickly." Wait with the weary night-watch for the breaking of the eastern sky, and think that ye have not a morrow. Show yourself a Christian by suffering without murmuring, for which sin fourteen thousand and seven hundred were slain. Num. xvi. 49.

The Legacy.

Hold you here. Here is your Father's testament. Read it. In it he hath left you remission of sins and life everlasting.

Look Above.

Build your nest upon no tree here; for ye see God has sold the forest to Death, and every tree wherever ye would rest, is ready to be cut down to the end that ye might flee and mount up and build upon the rock.

Look Ahead.

I bless my God that there is a death and heaven.

Sorrow Keeps from Sin.

The hedge of thorns and the wall which God buildeth in your way to hinder you from this brier, (the world) is the thorny hedge of daily grief, loss of children, weakness of body, brevity of the time, uncertainty of estate, lack of worldly comfort, and fear of God's anger for old unrepented of sins. What lose ye, if God twist and plait the hedge daily thicker!

Watch.

Ye know not how soon your marriage day will come. Nay, is not eternity hard upon you? It were time then that ye had your wedding garments in readiness. Be not sleeping at your Lord's coming. I pray God that ye may be upon your feet standing when he knocketh.

Pray for Zion.

Pray for poor friendless Zion! Alas! no man will speak for her now, although in her own country she hath good friends, her husband Christ, and his Father, her father-in-law.

Rest in Christ.

Jesus, Jesus be your shadow and your covering. It is a sweet soul-sleep to lie in the arms of Christ.

The Pastor's Sorrows.

I have received many and divers dashes and heavy strokes since the Lord called me to the ministry, but indeed I esteem your departure from among us the weightiest. But I perceive that God will have us to be deprived of whatsoever we idolize, that he may have his own room. I see exceedingly small fruit of my ministry, and would be glad to know of one soul to be my crown and rejoicing in the day of Christ.

Pray for Us.

If ever you would pleasure me, entreat the Lord for me now when I am so comfortless, and so full of heaviness that I am not able to stand under the burden any longer.

Communion.

O sweet communion! when Christ and we are through one another, and are no longer two!

Pray for Zion.

Zion is the ship wherein ye are carried to Canaan. If she suffer wreck, ye will be casten overboard upon death and life to swim to land upon broken boards. It were time for us by prayer to put upon our master pilot Jesus, and to cry—"Master, save us, we perish!"

Like Christ.

Ye cannot, ye must not have a more pleasant condition here than he had who through afflictions was made perfect.

Better as it Is.

When ye are come to the other side of the water and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity and look back again to the waters, and your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be found to say—"If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory."

Christ All.

Welcome, welcome Jesus, whatsoever way thou comest, if we can get a sight of thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside and draw the curtains and say —"Courage! I am thy salvation!" than to enjoy health and never to be visited of God.

Good Company.

Ye are now alone, but ye may have for the seeking, three always in your company, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Spiritual Decline.

The glory of the Lord is departing from Israel, and the Lord is looking back over his shoulder to see if any will say—"Lord, tarry!"

The Lord's Supper.

You have been of late in the king's wine-cellar, where you were welcomed by the Lord of the inn, upon condition that you would walk in love.

Submission.

I find not in the whole book of God a greater note of the child of God than to fall down and kiss the feet of an angry God.

Like Christ.

Since our Lord and Redeemer, with patience, receives many a black-stroke on his glorious body, and many a buffet of the unbelieving world, follow him and think it not hard that you receive a blow with your Lord. Take part with Jesus of his sufferings and glory in the marks of Christ.

Foes Feeble.

When the sea is full, it will ebb again, and as soon as the wicked are come to the top of their pride and are waxed high and mighty, then is their change approaching.

Communion Day.

One of our feast days, wherein our well beloved Jesus rejoiceth, and is merry with his friends.

Jesus.

A running-over fountain, at which I and others may come with thirsty souls and fill our vessels.

Nothing New.

You are in the beaten and common way to heaven when you are under our Lord's crosses. Ye have reason to rejoice in it more than in a crown of gold, and to rejoice and be glad to bear the reproaches of Christ.

Zion Safe.

I am sorry for our desolate kirk. Yet I dare not but trust that so long as there be any of God's lost money here he will not blow out the candle.

Patience.

Be patient for the Lord's sake, under the wrongs you suffer of the wicked. It proveth you to be the Lord's wheat. Christ went to heaven with many a wrong.

To the Rock.

Dearly beloved, be not casten down, but let us, as the Lord's doves, take us to our wings, for other armour we have none, and flee into the hole of the Rock!

Weaning.

It is God's mercy that he giveth you your fill even to loathing of this bitter world, that ye may willingly leave it, and like a full and satisfied banqueter, long for the drawing of the table.

Ask Much.

The more greedy ye are in suiting, the more willing he is to give, delighting to be called open-handed.

Jesus with You.

Be content to wade through the waters betwixt you and glory, with him, holding his right hand fast, for he knoweth all the fords. Be not afraid, therefore, even when ye come to the black and swelling river of Death, to put in your foot and wade after him. The current, however strong, cannot carry you down the water to hell.

Heaven.

Four-and-twenty hours in that place is worth threescore and ten years sorrow on earth.

Jesus the Same.

Jesus, who upon earth ate and drank with publicans and sinners, and spake and conferred with harlots, and put out his holy hand and touched the leper's filthy skin, and came evermore nigh sinners, even now in glory is yet that same Lord. Take him for the old Christ, and claim still kindness of him, and say, "Oh! it is so! He is not changed, but I am changed."

All for the Taking.

This is an easy market; ye but look on with faith; for Christ suffered all and paid all.

The Deep Things of Godliness.

Come near to the Godhead and look down to the bottom of the well. There is much in him, and sweet were that death to drown in such a well.

Look Upward.

Have still your face up the mountain.

Trial.

God's wheat must go through Satan's sieve, but their faith shall not fail.

Christ-Kisses.

Your faith kisseth Christ and he kisseth the soul.

Sanctified Sorrow.

The thorn is one of the most cursed and angry and crabbed weeds that the earth yieldeth, and yet out of it springeth the rose, one of the most sweetly smelled flowers and most delightful to the eye that the earth hath.

A Mark of Faith.

Among many marks that we are on this journey and under sail toward heaven, this is one, when the love of God so filleth our hearts that we forget to love and care too much for the having or wanting of other things: as one extreme heat burneth out another.

Be Ready.

Think that your one foot is here and your other foot in the life to come, and to leave off loving, desiring or grieving for the wants that shall be made up when your Lord and ye shall meet, and when ye shall give in your bill that day of all your wants here.

Christ's Workmanship.

Let our Lord's sweet hand square us, and hammer us, and strike off the knots of pride, self-love, and world-worship, and infidelity, that he may make us stones and pillars in his Father's house.

True Happiness.

It is not long days but good days that make the life glorious and happy.

Loving Constancy.

It is the crooked love of some, that they love bracelets, ear-rings, and rings, better than the lover that sendeth them. But God will not be so loved. For that were to behave not as the chaste spouse to abate our love when these things are pulled away.

Poor Pay.

We have cause to pity those poor creatures that stand out against Christ and the building of his house. Silly men, they have but a despicable and silly heaven, nothing but meat and clothes, and they laugh a day or two in the world, and then in a moment go down to the grave.

Hope.

Ye will get no more than this, until ye come up to the well-head; where ye shall put up your hand and take down the apples of the Tree of Life, and eat under the shadow of that Tree. These apples are sweeter up beside the Tree, than they are down here in this piece of a clay prison-house.

Be Patient.

Bide his harvest. Wait upon his Whit-Sunday. His day is better than your day. He putteth not the hook into the corn until it be ripe and full-eared.

Let Go.

As to what are your fears anent the life and health of your dear children, lay it upon Christ's shoulders. Let him bear all. Loose your grips of them all; and when your dear Lord pulleth, let them go with faith and joy. It is a tried faith, to kiss a Lord that is taking from you.

Heaven Nearer.

Our dear Lord is gracious to us, who shorteneth this life, and hath made the way to glory shorter than it was, so that the crown that Noah did fight for five hundred years, children may now obtain in fifteen years.

Not Yet.

Your life hath been near the grave, and ye were at the door, and ye found the door shut fast; your dear Christ thinking it not time to open these gates to you till ye have fought some longer in his camp.

Benediction.

Now I take my leave of you, praying my Christ and your Christ to fulfil our joy, and more graces and blessings from our sweet Lord Jesus to your soul, your husband's, and children's, than ever I wrote of letters A, B, C, to you.

Watch.

Look for crosses; and while it is fair weather mend the sails of the ship.

Too Late.

Take no truce with the devil or this present world. Ye are little obliged to any of the two. Tell them, "Ye are too long a-coming; I have many a year since promised my soul to another, even to my dearest Lord Jesus, to whom I must be true."

The Recompense.

When I shall see you clothed in white raiment, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and shall see you even at the elbow of your dearest Lord and Redeemer, and a crown upon your head, and following our Lamb and lovely Lord whithersoever he goeth, ye will think nothing of all these days.

Supper Preparing.

O joy of joys! that our souls knew there is such a great supper preparing for us, even howbeit we be but half-hungered of Christ here, and many a time dining behind noon, yet the supper of the Lamb shall come in time.

Prayer.

It were good that we should knock and rap at the Lord's door; we may not tire to knock oftener than twice or thrice. He knoweth the knock of his friends.

Claim Your Own.

To you who are in trouble there are some chapters, some particular promises in the word of God, made in a most especial manner, which should never have been yours so as they now are, if ye had had your portion in this life as others have; and therefore all the comforts, promises, and mercies which God offereth to the afflicted are as so many love letters written to you. Take them to you. Claim your right, and be not robbed.

Tarry Not.

This world is to you a strange inn, and ye are like a traveller who hath his bundle upon his back, and his staff in his hand, and his foot upon the door threshold. Go forward in the strength of your Lord, with your face toward him who longeth more for a sight of you than ye can do for him.

If ye knew the welcome that abideth ye when ye come home, ye would hasten your pace; for ye shall see your Lord put up his own holy hand to your face, and wipe all tears from your eyes, and I trow that then ye shall have some joy of heart.

A Divine Treasure-Chest.

Our Lord handleth us as fathers do their young children. They lay up jewels above the reach of the short arms of bairns. The bairns would put up their hands and take them down, and lose them sooner. Jesus Christ is the high coffer in which our Lord hath hid our life.

Fears.

Remember me, and that honourable feast, to our Lord Jesus. He was with us before. I hope he will not change upon us, but I fear that I have changed upon him; but, Lord! let old kindness stand.

Healthful Sickness.

My prayer to our Lord is, that ye may be sick of love for Him who died of love for you. Oh! sweet were that sickness to be soul-sick for him. A living death it were to die in the fire of the love of that soul-lover, Jesus!

In, but not of the World.

Be like to the fresh river that keepeth its own fresh taste in the salt sea. This world is not worthy of your soul; give it a good-day when Christ cometh into competition with it.

Safe Custody.

Happy are they that can, with the apostle, lay their soul in pawn in the hand of Jesus. (2 Tim. i. 12.)

Hope.

Kings have some persons in their courts who will receive not present wages in their hand, but live upon their hopes. The King of kings also hath servants in his court, that for the present get little or nothing but the heavy cross of Christ, troubles without, and terrors within; but they live upon hope.

Go with Him.

Jesus is saying in the gospel, "Come and see;" and he is come down in the chariot of truth, and is now in the world, saying, "Who will go with me? Will ye go? My Father will make you welcome, and give you house-room; for in my Father's house are many dwelling-places." Consent to go with him.

The Lovely One.

I know and am persuaded that that lovely One, Jesus, is dearer to you than many kingdoms, and that ye esteem him your well-beloved, and the standard-bearer among ten thousand.

A Strong Thread.

The church hath been, since the world began, ever hanging by a small thread, and all the hands of hell and of the wicked have been drawing at the thread; but, God be thanked, they only break their arms by pulling, but the thread is not broken, for the sweet fingers of Christ our Lord have spun and twisted it. Lord, hold the thread whole.

Pray for Us.

I must have you praying for me. I am black-shamed for evermore with Christ's goodness; and in private I got a full answer of my Lord to be a graced minister, and a chosen arrow hidden in his own quiver. But know that this assurance is not kept but by watching and prayer, and therefore, dear Lord, help me.

Winnowing.

A trial is like to come on, but I am sure that our husbandman Christ shall lose chaff, but no corn at all. Happy are they who are not thrown away with the chaff: for we shall but suffer temptation for ten days, but those who are faithful to the death shall receive the crown of life.

Conscience.

If there be a hole in it, so that it shall take in water at a leak, it will with difficulty mend again. It is a dainty, delicate creature, and a rare piece of the workmanship of your Maker. Therefore deal gently with it, and keep it entire, that amidst this world's glory you may learn to entertain Christ.

Hungry.

To my grief, our communion is delayed till Sabbath come eight days. I pray you advertise the people, that they be not disappointed in coming hither. Show such of them as you love in Christ, from me, that Jesus Christ will be welcomer when he cometh, in that he has sharpened their desire for eight days' space.

The Furnace.

I am confident that Zion shall be well. The bush shall burn out, not consume, for the good will of him that dwelleth in the bush. But the Lord is making a fire in Jerusalem, and purposeth to blow the bellows, and to melt the tin and brass.

Home!

Home! and stay not, for the sun is fallen low, and nigh the tops of the mountains, and the shadows are stretched out in great length. Linger not by the way. The world and sin would train you on and make you turn aside. Leave not the way for them, and the Lord Jesus be at the voyage!

Talk of it by the Way.

Madam, it is a part of the truth of your profession to drop words into the ear of your husband continually of eternity, judgment, death, hell, and heaven.

The City on a Hill.

Many eyes are upon you, and many would be glad that you spoil a Christian, and mar a good professor. Lord Jesus, mar their godless desires!

Satan's Packhorses.

Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares above a load, and maketh a packhorse of men's souls when they are wholly set upon this world. We owe the devil no service. It were wisdom to throw off that load into the mire, and cast all our cares over upon God.

Crown Him!

Glory! glory to our King! Long may he wear his crown! O Lord, let us never see another king! Oh, let him come down like rain upon the new-mown grass!

His.

We fall by promise and law to Christ. He won us by the sweat of his brows.

Better in Store.

Ye have gotten little in this life, it is true indeed. Ye have then the more to crave.

The Advocate.

Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. I know that ere it be long the Lord will come and settle all disputes betwixt us and his enemies. Now, welcome, Lord Jesus!

Forbid Them Not.

Send me word about your daughter, whom I remember in Christ; and desire her to cast herself into his arms, who was born of a woman, and, being the Ancient of days, was made a creeping child. It was not for nothing that our brother Jesus was an infant. It was that he might pity infant believers who were to come into the world.

Cling Together.

It is time now that the lambs of Jesus should all run together when the wolf is barking at them.

Death Harmless.

Death, which brings to the Lord, the woman's seed, Jesus, only a bloody heel and not a broken head, cannot be ill to his friends, who get far less of death than himself.

His Will be Done.

Faith will teach you to kiss a striking Lord, and thus to acknowledge the sovereignty of God, in the death of a child, to be above the power of us mortal men, who may pluck up a flower in the bud, and not be blamed by him for it.

Repining Useless.

It is easier to complain of the decree than to change it.

Pruning.

Your Husbandman and Lord hath lopped off some branches already; the tree itself is to be transplanted to the high garden. In a good time be it. All these crosses are to make you white and ripe for the Lord's harvest-hook.

A Frowning World.

This world never looked like a friend upon you. Ye owe it little love. It looked ever sour-like upon you: howbeit ye should woo it; it will not match with you; and therefore never seek warm fire under cold ice. This is not a field where your happiness groweth. It is up above.

Weeping Wanderers.

Seeing that our world is not hereaway, we poor children, far from home, must steal through many waters, weeping as we go, and withal believing that we do the Lord's faithfulness no wrong, seeing he hath said, "I, even I, am he that comforteth you."

Tell Jesus.

I know that your heart is cast down, but send a heavy heart up to Christ—it will be welcome.

Assurance.

Oh, but acquaintance with the Son of God! "My Beloved is mine, and I am his," is a sweet and glorious course of life, that none know but those who are sealed and marked in the forehead with Christ's mark, and the new name that Christ writeth upon his own!

Chastening Love.

I know that the sweetest of it is bitter to you. But your Lord will not give you painted crosses. He pareth not all the bitterness from the cross, neither taketh he the sharp edge quite from it. Then it should be of your selecting, and not of his, which would have as little reason in it as it would have profit for us.

Suffer with Him.

I desire not to go on the lee side, or sunny side of religion, to put truth betwixt me and a storm—my Saviour did not do so for me, who in his suffering took the windy side of the hill.

Come Quickly!

The Son of God will come with a start upon his weeping bairns, and take them on his knee, and lay their heads in his bosom, and dry their watery eyes. And this day is fast coming.

Be Ready.

Seeing that ye know not but that the journey is ended, and ye be come to the water's side, in God's wisdom look over all your papers and your counts, and whether ye be ready to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, in whom there is little haughtiness and much humility. There is an absolute necessity, that, near eternity, we look ere we leap, seeing no man runneth back again to mend his leap.

Christ on the Defensive.

Christ has ever been thus in the world, he hath always the defender's part, and hath been still in the camp, fighting the church's battles.

Suffer for Him.

They are not worthy of Jesus who will not take a blow for their Master's sake.

Thy Will be Done.

It hath pleased the Lord to let me see, by all appearance, my labours in God's house here are at an end, and I must now learn to suffer, in the which I am a dull scholar. I was willing to do him more service, but seeing he will have no more of my labours, and this land will thrust me out, I pray for grace to learn to be acquainted with misery.

Not of the World.

If ye were not strangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you.

Poor Pay.

Esau's portion is not worth his hunting.

Pruning no Harm.

The Antichrist and the great Red Dragon will lop Christ's branches, and bring his vine to a low stump, under the feet of those who carry the mark of the beast. But the Plant of Renown, the Man, whose name is the Branch, shall bud forth again and blossom as the rose, and there shall be fair white flourishes again, and with most pleasant fruits upon that Tree of Life.

Cheer Up.

Ye break your heart and grow heavy, and forget that Christ has your name engraven on the palms of his hands in great letters. In the name of the Son of God, believe that buried Scotland, dead and buried in her dear Bridegroom, shall rise the third day again, and there shall be a new growth after the old timber is cut down.

Israel Returning.

Oh, to see the sight, next to Christ's coming in the clouds, the most joyful! Our elder brethren, the Jews and Christ, fall upon one another's necks and kiss each other! They have been long asunder. They will be kind to one another when they meet. Oh, day! oh, longed for and lovely day, dawn! O sweet Jesus, let me see that sight, that will be as life from the dead!

Even so, Come, Lord Jesus.

The day is near the dawning. The sky is riving. Our Beloved will be on us ere we be aware.

An Absent Lord.

Because our Beloved was not let in by his spouse when he stood at the door with his wet, frozen head, therefore he will have us seek him a while; and while we are seeking, the watchmen that go about on the walls have stricken the poor woman, and taken away her veil from her; but yet a little while, and our Lord will come again.

Christ's Corn.

In God's name let Christ take his barn-floor and all that is in it, to a hill, and winnow it; let him sift his corn, and sweep his house, and seek his gold.

The Tempter Baffled.

I thank my God in Christ that I find the force of my temptation abated, and its edge blunted, since I spoke to you last. I know not if the tempter be hovering until he find the dam gather again, and we more secure; but it hath been my burden, and I am yet more confident that the Lord will succour and deliver.

Love.

Love hath broad shoulders, and will bear many things, and yet neither sweat, nor faint, nor fall under the burden.

Communion.

Our Lord, that great Master of the feast, send us one hearty and heartsome supper, for I look that it shall be the last.

The Furnace.

For the sins of this land and our breach of the covenant, contempt of the gospel, and our defection from the truth, he hath set up a burning furnace in Mount Zion; but I say it, and will abide by it, "The grass shall yet grow green on Mount Zion. There shall be dew all the night upon the lilies, and the moth shall eat up the enemies of Christ."

Sifting.

It is a benefit to you that the wicked are God's fan to purge you, and I hope that they will blow away no corn, or spiritual graces, but only chaff.

Good Coin.

Gold may be gold, and have the king's stamp on it, when it is trampled on by men. Happy are ye if, when the world trampleth upon your credit and good name, yet ye are the Lord's gold, stamped with the King of heaven's image, and sealed by his Spirit unto the day of redemption.

Zion Safe.

The floods may swell and roar, but our ark shall swim above the water. It cannot sink, because a Saviour is in it.

The Great Master Gardener.

The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in a wonderful providence, with his own hand, planted me here, and here I will abide till the great Master of the vineyard think fit to transplant me.

God Victor.

When the Lord is going west, the devil and the world go east; and do you not know that it hath been ever this way betwixt God and the world, God driving, and they holding, God "yea," and the world "nay?" But they fall on their back, and are frustrated, and our Lord holdeth his grip.

Rally.

Our Jesus is setting up himself as his Father's ensign, as God's fair white colours, that his soldiers may flock about him. Long, long may these colours stand!

One with Christ.

Howbeit that Prince of renown, precious Jesus, be now weeping and bleeding in his members, yet Christ will laugh again; and it is time enough for us to laugh when our Lord Christ laugheth—and that will be shortly.

The Old Path.

An afflicted life looketh very like the way that leadeth to the kingdom. For the apostle (Acts xiv. 22) hath drawn the line and the King's market-way, through much tribulation, to the kingdom.

Easy Victory.

The world is one of the enemies that we have to fight with, but a vanquished and overcome enemy, and like a beaten and forlorn soldier, for our Jesus hath taken the armour from it.

The Guarded Fold.

If the beast should get leave to ride through the land, and to seal such as are his, he will not get one lamb with him, for these are secured and sealed as the servants of God.

God's Stepping-stones.

If the work be of God, he can make of the devil himself a stepping-stone for setting forward the work.

Good Pay.

If ye knew the mind of the glorified in heaven, they think heaven came to their hand at an easy market, where they have got it for threescore or fourscore years wrestling with God.

On!

For the love of the Prince of your salvation, who is standing at the end of your way, holding up in his hand the prize and the garland to the race-runners, forward! forward! faint not!

Don't go Alone.

Take as many to heaven with you as ye are able to draw. The more ye draw with you, ye shall be the welcomer yourself.

God the Builder.

If the Lord furnish not new timber from Lebanon to build the house, the work will cease. I look to Him who hath begun well with me. I have his hand-writ that he will not change.

Christ our Avenger.

If he suffer his servant to get a broken head in his own kingly service, and not either help or revenge the wrong, I never saw the like of it.

The Old Feud.

It is an old feud that the rulers of the earth, the dragon and his angels, have carried to the Lamb and his followers. But the followers of the Lamb shall overcome, by the word of God.

Wormwood.

God hath filled me with gall and wormwood; but I believe, which holdeth my head above the water.

Cross and Crown.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." That lovely one, Jesus, who also became the Son of man, that he might take strokes for you, write the cross-sustaining, soul-supporting strength of these words in your heart.

Thorns goad us on.

If contentment were here, heaven were not heaven.

Love and Chastening.

Thank God that Christ came to your house in your absence, and took with him some of your children. He presumed that much on your love that ye would not be offended. And howbeit he should take the rest, he cannot come upon your wrong side. I question not if they were children of gold, but ye would think them well bestowed upon him.

A Two-fold Lord.

Christ and truth are strong enough.

A Strong Thread.

I hang by a thread, but it is (if I may so speak) of Christ's spinning.

A Welcome "Worst."

Your faith may be boldly charitable of Christ, that, however matters go, the worst shall be a tired traveller, and a joyful and sweet welcome home.

The Day Breaketh.

The back of your winter night is broken. Look to the east, the day sky is breaking. Think not that Christ loseth time or lingereth unsuitably. Oh, fair, fair, sweet morning!

Supper Preparing.

Ye have reason to take in good part, a lean dinner and spare diet in this life, seeing your large supper of the Lamb's preparing will recompense all.

The End Near.

Our Redeemer is fast coming to take this old, worm-eaten world, like an old moth-eaten garment, in his two hands, and to roll it up and lay it by him.

The Wheat Safe.

The Son of God's wheat shall not be blown away.

A Good Fight.

We have Jesus at our side, and they are not worthy of such a Captain who will not take a blow at his back. We are in sight of his colours; his banner over us is love. Look up to that white banner, and stand. I persuade you in the Lord of victory.

Drink of Christ's Cup.

In the great work of our redemption, your lovely, beautiful, and glorious Friend and well-beloved Jesus was brought to tears and strong cries, so as his face was wet with tears and blood, arising from a holy fear and the weight of the curse. Take a drink of the Son of God's cup, and love it the better that he drank of it before you. There is no poison in it.

A Good Grip.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me?" That was the word of a man who was at the very overgoing of the precipice and mountain, but God held a grip of him.

Hold on to the Branches.

In your temptations, run to the promises. They be our Lord's branches hanging over the water, that our Lord's silly, half-drowned children may take a grip of them. If you let that grip go, you will go to the ground.

As Ever.

Ye never knew one in God's book who put his hand to the Lord's work for his kirk, but the world and Satan did bark against them, and bite also, when they had the power. Ye will not lay one stone on Zion's wall, but they will labour to cast it down again.

A Sweet Cross.

I am filled with joy in my sufferings, and I find Christ's cross sweet.

A Clouded Christ.

The sun is gone down on the prophets, and our gold is become dim, and the Lord feedeth his people with the waters of gall and wormwood. Yet Christ standeth but behind the wall. His bowels are moved: he waiteth that he may show mercy.

Hope to the End.

When all these strokes are over, what will you say to see your well-beloved Christ's white and ruddy face, even his face who is worthy to bear the colours among ten thousand? Hope and believe to the end.

True Glory.

This is your glory that Christ hath put you into the roll with himself, and the rest of the witnesses who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

A Sweet Charge.

My charge to you is, to believe, rejoice, sing, and triumph. Christ has said to me, "Merry, merry; grace and peace for Marion Macnaught."

Advancement.

That honour that I have prayed for these sixteen years, with submission to my Lord's will, my kind Lord hath now bestowed upon me; even to suffer for my royal and princely King Jesus, and for his kingly crown, and the freedom of his kingdom that his Father hath given him. The forbidden lords have sentenced me with deprivation and confinement.

A Light Load.

Howbeit Christ's green cross newly laid upon me be somewhat heavy, while I call to mind the fair days sweet and comfortable to my soul, and to the souls of many others, and how young ones in Christ are plucked from the breast, and the inheritance of God laid waste, yet that sweet-smelled and perfumed cross of Christ is accompanied with sweet refreshment, with the kisses of a King, with the joy of the Holy Ghost.

Pisgah.

I am well, and my soul prospereth. I find Christ with me. I burden no man. I want nothing. No face looketh on me but it laugheth on me. Sweet, sweet is the Lord's cross. I overcome my heaviness. My Bridegroom's love-clinks fasten my weary soul.

Sick Regrets.

All would be well if I were free of old challenges for guiltiness, and for neglect in my calling, and for speaking too little for my well-beloved's crown, honour, and kingdom. Oh! for a day in the assembly of the saints to advocate for King Jesus!

Heaviness.

If I were free from challenges and a high commission within my soul, I would not give a straw to go to my Father's house, through ten deaths for the truth and cause of my lovely, lovely one, Jesus! But I walk in heaviness now.

Flowers among Thorns.

Oh, what a sweet steep it were up to my Father's house through ten deaths for the truth and cause of that Unknown, and so not half well-loved Plant of Renown, the man called The Branch, the Chief among ten thousand, the Fairest among the sons of men! Oh, what unseen joys, how many hidden heart-burnings of love are in the remnants of the sufferings of Christ!

Sugar in the Gall.

Yet for all my complaints, he was never sweeter than he is now. One kiss now is sweeter than ten long since. Sweet, sweet is his cross; light, light and easy is his yoke.

Benediction.

Commending your ladyship and the sweet child to the tender mercies of mine own Lord Jesus, and the good will of him who dwelt in the bush.

Sad Memories.

I am sentenced with deprivation and confinement within the town of Aberdeen—but oh! my guiltiness, the follies of my youth, the neglects in my calling, and especially in not speaking more for the kingdom, crown, and sceptre of my royal and princely king, Jesus, do so stare me in the face, that I apprehend danger in that which is a crown of rejoicing to the dear saints of God.

Christ Enough.

My well-beloved is some kinder and more warmly than ordinary, and cometh and visiteth my soul. My chains are over-gilded with gold. Only the remembrance of my fair days with Christ, and of my dear flock, whose case is my heart's sorrow, is vinegar to my sugared wine; yet both sweet and sour feed my soul. No pen, no words, no genius can express to you the loveliness of my only, only Lord Jesus.

Sweet Cross!

Welcome, welcome sweet cross of Christ! welcome, welcome fair, fair lovely royal king with thine own cross!

Indwelling Sin.

Alas! it is no cause of wondering that I am thus borne down with challenges; for the world hath mistaken me, and no man knoweth what guiltiness is in me so well as these two, (who keep my eyes now waking and my heart heavy,) I mean my heart and conscience, and my Lord who is greater than my heart.

A Well-fitting Cross.

Christ hath so handsomely fitted for my shoulders this rough tree of the cross, that it hurteth me no wise. My treasure is up in Christ's coffers. My comforts are greater than ye can believe. My pen shall lie still for penury of words to write them. God knoweth that I am filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost.

Self-satisfaction.

Our nature contenteth itself with little in godliness. Our "Lord, Lord" seemeth to us ten "Lords, Lords." Little holiness in our balance is much, because it is our holiness; and we love to lay small burdens on our soft natures, and to make a fair court-way to heaven; and I know it were necessary to take more pains than we do, and not to make heaven a city more easily taken than God hath made it.

Old Sores.

My challenges are revived again, and I find old sores are bleeding anew. So dangerous and painful is an undercoated conscience. Yet I have an eye to the blood that is physic for such sores.

A Pastor's Love.

Ye are in my prayers night and day. I cannot forget you. I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all.

Memories Sweet and Sad.

The memory of the fair feast-days which Christ and I had in his banqueting house-of-wine, and of the scattered flock once committed to me, and now taken off my hand by himself, because I was not so faithful in the end as I was in the first two years of my entry, when sleep departed from my eyes because my soul was taken up with a care for Christ's lambs, even these add sorrow to my sorrow.

Light through the Clouds.

Albeit this honest cross gained some ground on me by my heaviness, and my inward challenges of conscience for a time were sharp, yet now, for the encouragement of you all, I dare say it, and write it under my hand, "Welcome, welcome sweet, sweet cross of Christ." I verily think that the chains of my Lord Jesus are all overlaid with pure gold, and that his cross is perfumed, and that it smelleth of Christ.

Spiritual Sluggishness.

Oh, how easy is it to deceive ourselves, and to sleep and wish that heaven may fall down into our laps!

Taking Strokes with Christ.

Blessed are they who are content to take strokes with their weeping Christ.

Taking Strokes from Christ's Hand.

Strokes with the sweet Mediator's hand are very sweet. He has always been sweet to my soul, but since I suffered for him his breath has a sweeter smell than before.

Strength in Hope.

When I look over beyond the line, and beyond death to the laughing side of the world, I triumph and ride upon the high places of Jacob, howbeit I am otherwise a faint, dead-hearted, cowardly man, often borne down and hungry in waiting for the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

An Easy Cross.

No king is better provided than I am. Sweet, sweet and easy is the cross of my Lord.

NOTE.—The following written during confinement at Aberdeen.

Christ's Gold Safe.

I believe that the devil and the persecuting world shall reap no fruit of me, but burned ashes. For he will see to his own gold.

Help Christ.

Is not Christ now crying—"Who will help me? Who will come out with me to take part with me, and share in the honour of my victory over these mine enemies?"

The only Want.

I am every way in good case, both soul and body, all honour and glory to my Lord. I want nothing but a further revelation of the beauty of the unknown Son of God.

A Happy Prisoner.

This prison is my banqueting-house. I am handled as softly and delicately as a fondled child. I am nothing behind I see with Christ. He can in a month make up a year's losses.

More Gold deeper down.

I profess that I have never yet taken pains to find out Him whom my soul loveth. There is a gate yet of finding out Christ that I have never lighted on. It were good to be beginning in sad earnest to find out God, and to seek the right tread of Christ. Oh, if we could know the power of godliness!

Hoping Troubles Down.

I defy crosses to embark me in such a plea against Christ as I was troubled with of late. I hope to over-hope and over-believe my troubles. I have cause now to trust Christ's promise more than his gloom.

Christ more than Heaven.

My own mind is, that if comparison were made betwixt Christ and heaven, I would sell heaven with my blessing to buy Christ.

Spiritual Forgetfulness.

I find in myself that water runneth not faster through a sieve, than our warnings slip from us.

Withering Riches.

Christ is more worth to you and your posterity than this world's May-flowers, and withering riches, and honour, that shall go away as smoke, and evanish in a night-vision, and shall, in one half hour after the blast of the archangel's trumpet, lie in white ashes.

Look Ahead.

Draw by the lap of time's curtain, and look in through the window to great and endless eternity, and consider if a worldly price can be given for one smile of Christ's godlike ravishing countenance, in that day when so many joints and knees of thousand thousands wailing shall stand before Christ, trembling, shouting, and making their prayers to hills and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the face of the Lamb!

Crown Him.

Oh blessed hands for evermore that shall help to put the crown upon the head of Christ again in Scotland!

Salute no Man by the Way.

Ye have need to make all haste, because the inch of your day that remaineth will quickly slip away. For whether we wake or sleep, our glass runneth.

Take Heed!

Beware of a beguile in the matter of your salvation. Wo, wo, for evermore to them that lose that prize! At length they lie down in sorrow, and are clothed with everlasting shame.

Run!

The greatest part of this world runs to the place of that torment, rejoicing, and dancing, eating, drinking, and sleeping. My counsel to you is, that ye start in time to be after Christ; for if ye go quickly, Christ is not far before you—ye shall overtake him. O Lord God, what is so needful as this—"salvation! salvation!"

Too Late!

Oh, if there were a free market for salvation proclaimed in that day when the trumpet of God shall awake the dead, how many buyers would be then!

An ill-made Bed.

"This shall ye have at my hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow." (Isa. l. 11.) And truly this is as ill made a bed to lie upon as one could wish, for he cannot sleep soundly nor rest sweetly who hath sorrow for his pillow.

Fear God.

Fear not worms of clay—the moth shall eat them as a garment. Let the Lord be your fear. He is with you, and shall fight for you.

Crown Him!

I protest, before men and angels, that Christ cannot be exchanged, that Christ cannot be sold, that Christ cannot be weighed. Where would angels or all the world find a balance to weigh him in? All lovers blush when ye stand beside Christ! Wo upon all love but the love of Christ. Hunger, hunger for evermore be upon all heaven but Christ! Shame, shame for evermore be upon all glory but Christ's glory! I cry death, death upon all lives but the life of Christ!

Engrafted.

If I had been in Christ by adhesion only, as many branches are, I should have been burnt to ashes, and this world would have seen a suffering minister of Christ (of something once in show) turned into unsavoury salt. But my Lord Jesus had a good eye that the tempter should not play foul play and blow out Christ's candle.

The File and Hammer.

Oh, what owe I to the file and the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus! Grace tried is better than grace, and it is more than grace, it is glory in its infancy!

Speaking Crosses.

How soon would faith freeze without a cross! How many dumb crosses have been laid upon my back that had never a tongue to speak the sweetness of Christ as this hath! When Christ blesses his own crosses with a tongue, they breathe out Christ's love, wisdom, kindness, and care of us.

Rich Recompense.

Verily he hath not put me to a loss by what I suffer. He oweth me nothing. For in my bonds how sweet and comfortable have the thoughts of him been to me, wherein I find sufficient recompense of reward!

Feasts in Exile.

How blind are my adversaries who sent me to a banqueting-house, to a house of wine, to the lovely feasts of my lovely Lord Jesus, and not to a prison or place of exile!

Brotherly Love.

Dear brother, ye are in my heart to live and die with you. Visit me with a letter. Pray for me. Grace, grace be with you, and God who heareth prayer visit you, and let it be unto you according to the prayers of your own brother and Christ's prisoner.

Christ True.

My prison is a palace to me, and Christ's banqueting-house. My Lord Jesus is as kind as they call him.

The more Crosses the better.

I bless His great name who is no niggard in holding crosses upon me, but spendeth largely his rods that he may save me from this perishing world. Christ's cross is neither a cruel nor an unkind mercy, but the love-token of a father.

Good Stock.

All my stock of Christ is some hunger for him, (and yet I cannot say but that I am rich in that). My faith, and hope, and holy practice of new obedience are scarce worth speaking of; but blessed be my Lord who taketh me light, and clipped, and naughty, and worthless as I am.

Patient Hope.

Oh, that I could feed upon His breathing, and kissing, and embracing, and upon the hopes of my meeting and his, when love-letters shall not go betwixt us, but he will be messenger himself! But there is required patience on our part till the summer fruit in heaven be ripe for us.

To the Aged.

When ye are drinking the grounds of your cup, and ye are upon the utmost end of the last link of time, and old age, like death's long shadow, is casting a covering upon your days, it is no time to court this vain life, and to set love and heart upon it. It is near after supper. Seek rest and ease for your soul in God through Christ.

Passing Knowledge.

I dare say that angels' pens, angels' tongues, nay, as many worlds of angels as there are drops of water in all the seas and fountains and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you. I think his sweetness since I was a prisoner hath swelled upon me to the greatness of two heavens. Oh, for a soul as wide as the utmost circle of the highest heaven that containeth all to contain his love!

Think of the End.

Remember when the race is ended, and the play is either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short, night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a blaze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying "Lodging, lodging, for God's sake!" then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles, than if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity.

Still Believe.

To pray and believe now when Christ seemeth to give you a nay, nay, is more than it was before. Die believing. Die with Christ's promise in your hand.

Only one Voyage.

It is good to look to your compass, and all ye have need of ere you take shipping, for no wind can blow you back again.

Heart Work, Hard Work.

Believe me that I find it to be hard wrestling to play fair with Christ, and to keep good quarters with him, and to love him in integrity and life, and to keep a constant course of sound, solid, daily communion with Christ. Temptations are daily breaking the thread of that course.

Sudden Destruction.

Oh, how fairly have many ships been flying before the wind, that in an hour's space have been lying in the sea-bottom!

Take Heed.

How many professors cast a golden lustre as if they were pure gold, and yet are under that skin and cover but base and reprobate metal! And how many keep breath in their race many miles, and yet come short of the prize and the garland!

Sickness before Health

Those who never had sick nights or days in conscience for sin, cannot have but such a peace with God as will undercoat and break the flesh again, and end in a sad war at death.

Bow.

Be humbled: walk softly; down, down, for God's sake, my dear and worthy brother, with your top-sail. Stoop, stoop! It is a low entry to go in at heaven's gate.

The New Paradise.

Oh, what a sight to be up in heaven in that fair orchard of the New Paradise; and to see and smell and touch and kiss that fair Field-flower, that ever-green tree of life! His bare shadow were enough for me; a sight of him would be the earnest of heaven to me.

The Panting Hart.

Christ, Christ, nothing but Christ can cool our love's burning languor. Oh, thirsty love! wilt thou set Christ, the well of life, to thy head, and drink thy fill? Drink, and spare not; drink, love, and be drunken with Christ! Oh, if we were clasped in each other's arms!

Fair-weather Christians.

The way to heaven is knotty, rough, stormy, and full of thorns. Many would follow Christ, but with reservation that, by open proclamation, Christ would cry down crosses, and cry up fair weather, and a summer sky, and sun, till we were all fairly landed at heaven.

Temptations.

If we knew ourselves well, to want temptation is the greatest temptation of all.

Weeping Joys.

Life is a post that standeth not still, and our joys here are born weeping, rather than laughing, and they die weeping.

One Heaven enough.

We love to carry a heaven to heaven with us, and would have two summers in one year, and no less than two heavens. But this will not do for us. One—and such a one!—may suffice us well enough. The Man Christ got but one only, and shall we have two?

Still too Little.

Oh, if this world knew the excellency, sweetness, and beauty of that high and lofty One, that Fairest among the Sons of men, verily they would see that if their love were bigger than ten heavens, all in circles beyond each other, it were all too little for Christ our Lord.

Blossoming Chains.

I dare lay in pawn my hope of heaven that this reproached way is the only way of peace, and I verily esteem and find chains and fetters for that lovely one Christ to be watered over with sweet consolations, and the love-smiles of that lovely Bridegroom for whose coming we wait.

A Strong Support.

How can it be but that such weak eyes as ours cast water in a great smoke, or that a weak head should not turn giddy when the water runneth deep and strong! But God be thanked that Christ, in his children, can endure a stress and a storm, howbeit soft nature would fall down in pieces.

Come in.

Come in, come in to Christ, and see what you want, and find it in him. He is the short cut (as we used to say), and the nearest way to an outgate of all your burdens.

Gall in the Cup.

Sin, sin, this body of sin and corruption imbittereth and poisoneth all our enjoyments. Oh, that I were where I shall sin no more! Lord, loose the sad prisoner!

Little Enough.

Who of the children of God have not cause to say that they have their fill of this vain life, and like a full and sick stomach, to wish at mid-supper that the supper were ended and the table drawn, that the sick man might run to bed and enjoy rest.

Safe Over.

Glad may their souls be that are safe over the firth, Christ having paid the freight. Happy are they who have passed their hard and wearisome time of apprenticeship, and are now freemen and citizens in that joyful high city, New Jerusalem!

Heavenly-mindedness.

Our crosses would not bite us if we were heavenly-minded. I know of no obligation which the saints have to this world, seeing we fare but upon the smoke of it; and if there be any smoke in the house, it bloweth upon our eyes.

Cross-Fruit.

I am sure that this is the best fruit of the cross when we, from the hard fare of the dear inn, cry the more that God would send a fair wind to land us, hungered and oppressed strangers, at the door of our Father's house.

Anything for Christ's sake.

Let him make of me what he pleaseth, providing he make glory to himself out of me. I care not.

Bring Him Back.

Oh, how sweet a sight were it to see all the tribes of the Lord in this land fetching home again our banished King Christ to his own palace, his sanctuary, and his throne!

Full Assurance.

Oh, that I had but a promise made from the mouth of Christ of his love to me! And then, howbeit my faith were as tender as paper, I think longing, and pining, and greening of sick desires would cause it to bide out the siege till the Lord come to fill the soul with his love.

Oh, the Depths!

Who knoweth how far it is to the bottom of our Christ's fulness? Who ever weighed Christ in a pair of balances? Who hath seen the foldings and plies, and the heights and depths of that glory which is in him and kept for us?

A Huge Debt.

I owe as many praises and thanks to free grace as would lie betwixt me and the utmost border of the highest heaven, suppose ten thousand heavens were all laid above other.

A Strong Knot.

I am sure Christ hath by his death and blood casten the knots so fast that the fingers of the devils and hell-fulls of sins cannot loose it, and that bond of Christ standeth surer than heaven, or the days of heaven as that sweet pillar of the covenant whereon we all hang.

Under His Wings.

Christ, with all his little ones under his two wings, and in the compass or circle of his arms, is so sure, that cast him and them into the ground of the sea, he shall come up again and not lose one.

Love is Happiness.

They are happy for evermore who are over head and ears in the love of Christ, and know no sickness but love-sickness for Christ, and feel no pain but the pain of an absent and hidden well-Beloved.

A Vain Chase.

We run our souls out of breath, and tire them in coursing and galloping after our night-dreams, to get some created good thing in this life and on this side of death.

Whither?

Consider to what point of the compass your soul setteth its face. For all come not home at night who suppose that they have set their face heavenward. It is a woful thing to die and miss heaven, and to lose houseroom with Christ at night.

Fragrant from afar.

Oh, but heaven casteth a sweet smell from afar off to those who have spiritual smelling! God hath made many fair flowers, but the fairest of them all is heaven, and the Flower of all flowers is Christ.

Misplaced Affection.

Fie, fie upon us who love fair things, as fair gold, fair houses, fair lands, fair pleasures, fair honours, and fair persons, and do not pine and melt away with love to Christ! Oh, would to God I had more love for his sake! Oh, for as much as would go round about the earth, and over the heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens, and ten thousand worlds, that I might let all out upon fair, fair, only fair Christ!

Bottomless Love.

If those frothy, fluctuating, and restless hearts of ours would come all about Christ and look into his love, to bottomless love, to the depth of mercy, to the unsearchable riches of his grace, to inquire after and search into the beauty of God in Christ, they would be swallowed up in the depth and height, length and breadth of his goodness.

Sweet Longings.

Oh, how sweet and dear are these thoughts that are still upon the things which are above! And how happy are they who are longing to have little sand in their glass, and to have time's thread cut, and can cry to Christ, "Lord Jesus, have over-come and fetch the dreary passenger!"

Draw the Curtains.

Oh, if men would draw the curtains and look into the inner side of the ark, and behold how the fulness of God dwelleth in him bodily! Oh, who would not say, "Let me die, let me die ten times to see a sight of him!" Ten thousand deaths were no great price to give for him.

Pantings.

Oh, for a sight of eternity's glory, and a little tasting of the Lamb's marriage-supper! Half a draught, or a drop of the wine of consolation that is up at our banquetting-house, out of Christ's own hand, would make our stomachs loathe the brown bread and the sour drink of a miserable life.

Fight On!

It is not possible to keep Christ peaceably, having once gotten him, except the devil were dead. It must be your resolution to set your face against Satan's northern temptations and storms for salvation. Nature would have heaven come to us while sleeping in our beds.

Rich Compensation.

When we shall come home and enter to the possession of our Brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall feel the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pains and sufferings, then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory, and that our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to heaven.

Perverted Senses.

Oh, that our eyes and our soul's smelling should go after a blasted and sunburnt flower, even this plaistered and fair outsided world, and then we have neither eye nor smell for the Flower of Jesse, for that Plant of Renown, for Christ, the choicest, the fairest, the sweetest Rose that ever God planted!

None like Him.

Suppose that our Lord would manifest his art, and make ten thousand heavens of good and glorious things, and of new joys, devised out of the deep of infinite wisdom, he could not make the like of Christ. For Christ is God, and God cannot be made.

Well Heavened!

Oh, how happy are they who get Christ for nothing! God send me no more for my part of paradise than Christ! And surely I were rich enough, and as well-heavened as the best of them, if Christ were my heaven.

A Leaking Cup.

Alas, my riven dish and running-out vessel can hold little of Christ Jesus!

Room for You.

There are many heads lying in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest, and therefore go on and let hope go before you.

Conscience a Shield.

I am sure that conscience, standing in awe of the Almighty, and fearing to make a little hole in the bottom for fear of under-water, is a strong medium to hold off an erroneous conclusion in the least wing or lith of sweet sweet truth that concerneth the royal prerogative of our kingly and highest Lord Jesus.

"That Malicious Murderer."

I heard with grief of your great danger of perishing by sea, and of your merciful deliverance with joy. Satan will leave no stone unrolled, as the proverb is, to roll you off your Rock, or at least to shake and unsettle you; for at that same time the mouths of wicked men were opened in hard speeches against you by land, the prince of the power of the air was angry with you by sea. See, then, how much ye are obliged to that malicious murderer who would beat you with two rods at one time!

Preaching.

The Lord knoweth that I preferred preaching of Christ, and still do, to anything next to Christ himself.

The Gracious Key-Holder.

Thank your God who saith, "I have the keys of Hell and of Death."

If Satan were jailor, and had the keys of death and the grave, they were stored with more prisoners. Ye were knocking at those black gates and ye found the doors shut, and we do all welcome you back again.

Be Ready.

Have all in readiness against the time that ye must sail through that black and impetuous Jordan, and Jesus, Jesus who knoweth both those depths and the rocks and all the coasts be your pilot!

No Remedy.

What ye do amiss in your life to-day ye may amend it to-morrow; for as many suns as God maketh to arise upon you, ye have as many new lives. But ye can die but once, and if ye mar or spill that business, ye cannot come back to mend that piece of work again.

Cling to the Truth.

Hold fast the truth. For the world sell not one dram's weight of God's truth, especially now when most men measure truth by time like young seamen setting their compass by a cloud.

Night Cometh.

Ye see how the number of your months is written in God's book, and as one of the Lord's hirelings ye must work till the shadow of the evening come upon you, and ye shall run your glass even to the last pickle of sand.

Keep to Your Bargain.

Ye contracted with Christ, I hope, when first you began to follow him, that ye would bear his cross. Fulfil your part of the contract with patience and break not to Jesus Christ! Be honest in your bargaining with him!

No Escape.

Suffer we must—ere we were born God decreed it.

An Experienced Father.

He has been practised in bringing up his heirs these five thousand years, and his bairns are well brought up, and many of them are honest men now at home, up in their own house in heaven, and are entered heirs to their Father's inheritance. Now the form of his bringing-up was by chastisements, scourging, correcting, nurturing; and see if he make exception of any of his bairns. No, his eldest Son, and his Heir, Jesus, is not excepted.

Love-Coals.

He knoweth how one of Christ's love-coals hath burnt my soul with a desire to have my bonds to preach his glory whose cross I now bear.

Chained with Love.

Now, if we would ever so fain escape out of Christ's hands, yet love hath so bound us that we cannot get our hands free again; he hath so ravished our hearts that there is no loosening of his grips; the chains of his soul-ravishing love are so strong that the grave nor death will break them.

Particular Providences of God do not contain His General Decree.

God's directing and commanding will can, by no good logic be discerned from the events of providence. The Lord sent Paul on many errands for the spread of his gospel where he found lions in the way.

The Will for the Deed.

Seeing that He knoweth our willing mind to serve him our wages and stipend is running to the fore with our God, even as some sick soldiers get pay when they are bed-fast and not able to go to the field with others.

False Accusations.

I gave in a bill of quarrels and complaints of unkindness against Christ who seemed to have cast me over the dyke of the vineyard as a dry tree, and separated me from my Lord's inheritance. But high and loud praises be to our royal crowned King in Zion, that he hath not burnt the dry branch.

Through Much Tribulation.

We would be content that our king, Jesus, should make an open proclamation and cry down crosses, and cry up joy, gladness, ease, honour, and peace. But it must not be so. Through many afflictions we must enter into the kingdom of God.

Gilded Chains.

It is but our soft flesh that has raised a slander on the cross of Christ. I see now the white side of it. My Lord's chains are all over gilded.

Courage! Joy!

Courage, courage, joy, joy for evermore! oh joy unspeakable and glorious! Oh for help to set my crowned King on high! Oh for love to him who is altogether lovely!

Honeycombs in the Desert.

My Lord Jesus has taken the withered, dry stranger and his prisoner broken in heart into his house of wine. Oh, if all ye, and all Scotland, and all our brethren with you knew how I am feasted! Christ's honey-combs drop comforts. He dineth with his prisoner, and the King's spikenard casteth a smell.

The Devil to be Preferred.

I love a rumbling or raging devil in the kirk, (since the church militant cannot or may not want a devil to trouble her,) rather than a subtle or sleeping devil.

A Welcome Visitor.

I cannot show you how matters go betwixt Christ and me. I find my Lord coming and going seven times a day. His visits are short, but they are both frequent and sweet.

Prison Visions.

Since I came to Aberdeen, I have been taken up to see the New Land, the fair palace of the Lamb. And will Christ let me see heaven to break my heart and never give it to me?

Struggles.

Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises. But when I come I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach, having a sharp appetite that is filled with the very sight of meat, or like one stupified with cold under the water that would fain come to the land, but cannot grip anything casten to him.

I can let Christ grip me, but I cannot grip him.

Limping Faith.

All I am able to do is to hold out a lame faith to Christ, like a beggar holding out a stump instead of an arm or leg, and crying, "Lord Jesus, work a miracle."

Joy Above.

Joy groweth up in heaven, and is above our short arm. Christ will be steward and dispenser himself, and none else but he.

Dead to the World.

Mortification and to be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. Oh, how heavenly a thing it is to be dead, and dumb, and deaf to this world's sweet music!

Feather-Chasing.

We but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life. One sight of what my Lord hath let me see within this short time is worth a world of worlds.

The Half not Told.

There is more to be had of Christ in this life than I had believed.

Christ Alone.

Christ is so good that I will have no other tutor, suppose I could have the choice of ten thousand beside. I think now five hundred heavy hearts for him too little.

The Sweetest Way.

I know no sweeter way to heaven than through free grace and hard trials together, and one of these cannot well want another.

Panting.

Oh, that the day would favour us, and come and put Christ and us into each other's arms! I am sure that a few years will do our turn, and the soldier's hour-glass will soon run out!

Providence--its White Side.

Providence is not rolled upon unequal and crooked wheels. All things work together for the good of those who love God and are called according to his purpose. Ere it be long, we shall see the white side of God's Providence.

All for Christ.

I am either suffering for Christ, and this is either the sure and good way, or I have done with heaven and shall never see God's face, which I bless him cannot be.

A Loan.

I write my blessing to that sweet child that ye have borrowed from God. He is no heritage to you, but a loan: love him as folks do borrowed things.

Daft Hopes.

It speaketh somewhat when our Lord bloweth the bloom off our daft hopes in this life, and loppeth the branches off our worldly joys well nigh the root on purpose, that they should not thrive. Lord, spoil my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved for ever!

Christ and the World.

I wonder that any man living can laugh upon the world, or give it a hearty good-day. The Lord Jesus hath handled me so that as I am now disposed, I think, never to be in this world's obligation for a night's lodgings.

A new Nick.

I verily think now that Christ hath led me up to a nick in Christianity that I was never at before.

Ebb and Flow.

I have been up after deep down-castings and sorrows, before the Lamb's white throne in my Father's inner court, the great King's dining-hall.

The best Wish.

More I cannot wish nor pray nor desire for your ladyship than Christ singled and chosen out from all created good things, or Christ howbeit wet in his own blood and wearing a crown of thorns.

Bartering Crosses.

God forbid it come to bartering or exchanging crosses! For I think my cross so sweet that I know not where I would get the like of it. Christ's honey-combs drop so abundantly that they sweeten my gall. Nothing breaketh my heart but that I cannot get at the daughters of Jerusalem to tell them of my Bridegroom's glory.

His Will.

Let him make of me what he pleases, if he make salvation out of it to me.

A Christian in Sad Earnest.

I was a child before; all bygones are but bairns' play. I would I could begin to be a Christian in sad earnest.

Moving Upward.

None is so kind as my only royal King and Master. The King dineth with his prisoner, and his spikenard casteth a smell. He hath led me up to such a nick and pitch of communion with himself as I never knew before. When I look back to bygones I judge myself to have been a child at A. B. C. with Christ.

Fruit of Suffering.

This is the fruit of my sufferings, that I desire Christ's name may be spread abroad in this kingdom in my behalf.

A Lost Will.

We can in our prosperity sport ourselves, and be too bold with Christ; yea, be that insolent as to chide with him: but under water we dare not speak. I wonder now at my sometimes boldness to chide and quarrel Christ, to nickname Providence when it stroked me against the hair. But now swimming in the waters, I think my will is fallen to the ground of the water. I have lost it.

I was once that I would not eat, except I had carefully chosen meat; now I dare not complain of the crumbs and parings under his table. I was once that I would make the house ado, if I saw not the world carved and set in order to my liking; now I am silent when I see God hath set servants on horseback, and is fattening and feeding the children of perdition. I pray God I may never find my will again.

A New Jesus.

I am almost saying, it was not he I was wont to meet with. He smileth more cheerfully, his kisses are more sweet and soul-refreshing than the kisses of Christ I saw before were.

Or rather the King hath led me up to a measure of joy and communion with my Bridegroom that I never attained to before.

A Heartful of Jesus.

I will not strike sail to crosses, nor flatter them to be quit of them as I have done. Come, all crosses, welcome, welcome, so that I may get my heartful of my Lord Jesus.

A Mistake.

I took Christ's glooms to be as good as Scripture speaking wrath; but I have seen the other side of Christ, and the white side of his cross now.

Christ's Prisoner.

I am as well as a prisoner of Christ can be, feasted and made fat with the comforts of God. Christ's kisses are made sweeter to my soul than ever they were.

Burning, yet not Consumed.

I said I was cast over the dyke of the Lord's vineyard as a dry tree; but I see now, that if I had been a withered branch, the fire would have burned me long ere now. Blessed be his high name who hath kept sap in a dry tree!

Heaven Necessary.

There is a great necessity of heaven; ye must needs have it. All other things—as houses, lands, children, husband, friends, country, credit, health, wealth, honour—may be wanted, but heaven is your one thing necessary.

Beggarly Elements.

My Lord hath brought me to this, that I will not flatter the world for a drink of water. I am no debtor to clay—Christ hath made me dead to that. I now wonder that I ever was such a child, long since, as to beg at such beggars.

The Storehouse.

Oh, what I want! I want so many things that I am almost asking if I have anything at all. Every man thinketh he is rich enough in grace till he take out his purse and tell his money, and then he findeth his pack but poor and light in the day of a heavy trial. I found that I had not to bear my expenses, and I should have fainted, if want and penury had not chased me to the Storehouse of all.

Keep the Head above Water.

Ye must learn to swim and hold up your head above the water, even when the sense of his presence is not with you to hold up your chin. I trust in God that he will bring your ship safe to land.

Light in Darkness.

He was always kind to my soul, but never so kind as now, in my greatest extremities. I dine and sup with Christ. He visiteth my soul with visitations of love in the night-watches.

A Timely Feast.

Oh, how sweet and comfortable will the feast of a good conscience be to you when your eyestrings shall break, your face wax pale, and the breath turn cold, and your poor soul come sighing to the windows of the house of clay of your dying body, and shall long to be out, and to have the jailor open the door, that the prisoner may be set at liberty!

Greedy of Grace.

Be greedy of grace: study above anything, my dear brother, to mortify your lusts. Oh, but pride of youth, vanity, lust, idolizing of the world, and charming pleasures take long time to root them out!

A moth-eaten Coat.

Verily I have seen the best of this world, a moth-eaten, thread-bare coat. I purpose to lay it aside, being now old and full of holes. Oh, for my house above, not made with hands!

The Danger.

The only danger is that we give grace more to do than God giveth it; that is, by turning his grace into wantonness.

Enthrone Him!

Oh, if my hairs, all my members, and all my bones were well-tuned tongues to sing the high praises of my great and glorious King! Help me to lift Christ up upon his throne!

Room for Christ!

Had I but the smallest sum to give my Lord Jesus, it would ease my pain. But alas! I have nothing to pay. He will get nothing of poor me. But I am now that I have not room in my heart for such a stranger.

Duty of a Christian Wife.

Counsel your husband to fulfil my joy, and to seek the Lord's face. Show him, from me, that my joy and desire is to hear that he is in the Lord. God casteth him often in my mind—I cannot forget him.

A many-plied Love.

There are curtains to be drawn by in Christ that we never saw, and new foldings of love in him. I despair that ever I shall win to the far end of that love, there are so many plies in it.

A Surrounding, Burdening Love.

I know not what to do with Christ. His love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it; but oh, how sweet and lovely is that burden! I am so in love with his love, that if his love were not in heaven, I should be unwilling to go thither.

Keep Watch.

Ye draw nigh to the water side; look to your accounts: ask your Guide to take you to the other side.

Ups and Downs.

I thought it had been an easy thing to be a Christian, and that to seek God had been at the next door. But oh, the windings and turnings, the ups and the downs that he hath led me through!

The Sure Nail.

I counsel you, madam, from a little experience, let Christ keep the great seal, and entrust him so as to hang your vessels, great and small, and pin burdens upon the Nail fastened in David's house.

Short Summons.

It has pleased the Lord to remove your husband soon to rest. But shall we be sorry that our loss is his gain, seeing the Lord would want his company no longer? Think not much of short summons, for, seeing he walked with his Lord in his life, and desired that Christ should be magnified in him at his death, ye ought to be silent and satisfied.

A Higher "Nick."

I rejoice exceedingly that the Father of Lights hath made you see that there is a nick in Christianity which ye contend to be at, and that is to quit the right eye and the right hand, and to keep the Son of God.

Joy in Christ Above.

What joy have I out of heaven's gates but that my Lord Jesus be glorified in my bonds?

Nicknaming Christ.

There is some pining and mismannered hunger that maketh me miserable and nicknameth Christ as a changed Lord. I cannot believe without a pledge. I cannot take God's word without surety, as if Christ had lost or sold his credit, and were not in my books responsible and law-abiding.

A Jealous Jesus.

Give him heart and chair, house and all. He will not be made companion with any other. Love is full of jealousies. He will have all your love, and who should get it but he? I know that ye allow it upon him. There are comforts both sweet and satisfying laid up for you. Wait on. Trust Christ. He is an honest debtor.

Christ before All.

I love Christ's worst reproaches, his glooms, his cross, better than all the world's plastered glory. My heart is not longing to be back again from Christ's country. It is a sweet soil I am come to. I (if any in the world) have good cause to speak much good of him. Oh, hell were a good, cheap price to buy him at! Oh, if all the three kingdoms were witnesses to my pained, pained soul, overcome with Christ's love!

Lavish Kindness.

I have no scarcity of Christ's love. He hath wasted more comforts upon his poor, banished servant than would have refreshed many souls. My burden was once so heavy that one ounce weight would have casten the balance and broken my back, but Christ said, "Hold! hold!"

I am Black, but Comely.

Oh, that I should lay my black mouth to such a fair, fair, fair face as Christ's! But I dare not refuse to be loved. The cause is not in me.

A Fatal Mistake.

I doubt not but more would fetch heaven if they believed not heaven to be at the next door. The world's negative holiness, no adulterer, no murderer, no thief, no cozener, maketh men believe that they are already glorified saints; but the sixth chapter of Hebrews may affright us all when we hear that men may take of the gifts and common graces of the Holy Spirit and a taste of the powers of the life to come to hell with them. Here is reprobate silver which yet seemeth to have the king's image and superscription upon it.

A Painful Path.

His bairns must often have the frosty cold side of the hill, and set down both their bare feet among thorns. His love hath eyes, and in the meantime is looking on.

A Garden Planted in Ruins.

Our spoiled works, losses, deadness, coldness, wretchedness, are the ground upon which the Good Husbandman laboureth.

Be not Discouraged.

Many a whole soul is in heaven that was sicker than ye are.

Struggling for Clear Vision.

It is not desertion; I know not what it is, but I was never so sick for him as now.

Oh, for instruments in God's name that this is he, and that I may make use of it when, it may be, a near friend within me will say, and when it will be said by a challenging devil—"Where is thy God?"

An Easy Yoke.

I am in this house of pilgrimage every way in good case. Christ is most kind and loving to my soul. It pleaseth him to feast with his unseen consolations a stranger and an exiled prisoner, and I would not exchange my Lord Jesus for all the comfort out of heaven. His yoke is easy, and his burden is light.

A Patient Guide.

Salvation is supposed to be at the door, and Christianity is thought an easy task; but I find it hard, and the way strait and narrow, were it not that my Guide is content to wait on me, and to care for a tired traveller.

Seek Lasting Glory.

Set your heart upon heaven, and trouble not your spirit with this clay idol of the world, which is but vanity, and hath but the lustre of the rainbow in the air, which cometh and goeth with a flying March shower.

At God's Charges.

My Lord hath been pleased to make unknown faces laugh upon me, and hath made me well content of a borrowed fireside and a borrowed bed. I am feasted with the joys of the Holy Ghost, and my royal King beareth my charges honourably.

Work in Faith.

Duties are ours, and events are God's.

Another Upward Step.

I never before came to that nick or pitch of communion with Christ that I have now attained to. For my confirmation I have been these two Sabbaths or three in private, taking instruments in the name of God, that my Lord Jesus and I have kissed each other in Aberdeen, the house of my pilgrimage.

In the Carriage with Christ.

Who can blame Christ to take me on behind him, if I may so say, on his white horse, or in his chariot paved with love, through a little water? Will not a father take his little fondled boy in his arms and carry him over a ditch or a mire?

Sweet Kisses.

Oh, who knoweth how sweet Christ's kisses are! Who hath been more kindly embraced and kissed than I, his banished prisoner?

Supping with Christ.

It hath pleased him to make a sinner the like of me an ordinary banqueter in his house of wine with that royal, princely one, Christ Jesus.

The Builder's Work.

The lintel stone and pillars of the New Jerusalem suffer more knocks of God's hammer and tool than the common side-wall stones: and if twenty crosses be written for you in God's book, they will come to nineteen, and then, at last, to one, and after that to nothing.

Hungering Still.

If he would cool my love-fever for himself with real presence and possession, I would be rich; but I dare not be mislearned, and seek more in that kind, howbeit it be no shame to beg at Christ's door.

An Unquenchable Coal.

I am astonished and confounded at the greatness of Christ's love for such a sinner. I know that Christ and I shall never be even. I shall die in his debt. He has left an arrow in my heart that paineth me for want of real possession, and hell cannot quench this coal of God's kindling.

Supping in Glory.

Oh, what telling is in Christ! Oh, how weighty is my fair garland, my crown, my fair supping-hall in glory!

Not so Bad as it Seems.

The din and gloom of our Lord's cross is more fearful and hard than the cross itself. He taketh the bairns in his arms when he cometh to deep water, at least when they lose ground and are put to swim, then his hand is under their chin.

Winged Chains.

I cannot but rejoice in his salvation who hath made my chains my wings, and hath made me a king over my crosses and over my adversaries. Glory, glory, glory to his high and holy name!

Strength as the Day.

Not one ounce, not one grain weight more is laid on me than he hath enabled me to bear.

A Strange Whetstone.

"The devil is but a whetstone to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints." I know that he but heweth and polisheth stones all this time for the New Jerusalem.

Old Challenges.

Old challenges now and then revive and cast all down. I go halting and sighing, fearing there be an unseen process yet coming out, and that heavier than I can answer.

Fear and Hope.

I hope the pardon is now obtained, but the peace is not so sure to me as I would wish. Yet one thing I know, there is not a way to heaven but the way which he hath graced me to profess and suffer for.

Anything for Christ.

I protest to you, (my witness is in heaven,) that I could wish many pound-weight added to my cross to know that by my sufferings Christ were set forward in his kingly office in this land!

Complain of Self, not of God.

It is not a good course to complain that we cannot get a providence of gold, when our laziness, cold zeal, temporising, and faithless fearfulness spoileth a good providence.

Let God have his Way.

When our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, "How wilt thou do this and that?" we lose ground. We have nothing to do there. It is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own office and steer his own helm.

Light at Eventide.

I cannot, I dare not, but speak to others what God hath done to the soul of his poor, afflicted, exile prisoner. His comfort is more than I ever knew before.

Joy-perfumed Cross.

How sweet must he be when that black and burdensome tree, his own cross, is so perfumed with joy and gladness! Oh, for help to lift him up by praises on his royal throne!

Prove Him.

Put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it our burdens, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not his love, and therefore we know it not.

A Sweet Exchange.

I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with his joys, my losses with his own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have within myself.

Times of Refreshing.

He is come down as rain upon the mown grass; he hath revived my withered root, and he is the dew of herbs.

The Rock Ready.

I hope when a change cometh to cast anchor at midnight upon the Rock which he hath taught me to know in this daylight, whither I may run when I must say my lesson without book, and believe in the dark.

A Goodly Prison.

I am most secure in this prison. Salvation is for walls in it; and what think ye of these walls?

A New Lesson.

No preaching, no book, no learning could give me that which it behooved me to come and get in this town. But what of all this if I were not misted and confounded and astonished how to be thankful and how to get him praised for evermore?

Joying in the Cross.

Some have written to me that I am possibly too joyful of the cross; but my joy overleapeth the cross—it is bounded and terminated upon Christ. I know that the sun will overcloud and eclipse, and that I shall again be put to walk in the shadow; but Christ must be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet.

A Favoured Spy.

It was not my flattering of Christ that drew a kiss from his mouth, but he would send me as a spy into this wilderness of suffering to see the land and try the ford, and I cannot make a lie of Christ's cross. I can report nothing but good both of him and it.

Be not Deceived.

It would be no art (as I now see) to spin small, and make hypocrisy seem a goodly web, and go through the market as a saint among men, and yet steal quietly to hell without observation. So easy is it to deceive men. I have disputed whether I ever knew anything of Christianity except the letters of that name.

The Well-Beloved's Shoulder.

If he bear me on his back, or carry me in his arms over this water, I hope for grace to set down my feet upon dry ground when the way is better. But this is slippery ground; my Lord thought it good I should go by a hold, and lean on my well-Beloved's shoulder.

Painful Memories.

My neglects while I had a pulpit and other things whereof I am ashamed to speak, meet me now so as God maketh an honest cross my daily sorrow.

Oh, for Assurance!

If certainty of salvation were to be bought, God knoweth that if I had ten earths I would not chaffer with God.

A Great Mistake.

Like a fool I believed, under sufferings for Christ, that I should keep the key of Christ's treasures, and take out comforts when I listed, and eat and be fat; but I see now that a sufferer for Christ shall be made to know himself, and shall be holden at the door as well as another poor sinner, and will be fain to eat with the bairns and take the by-board, and glad to do so.

Song in the Night.

The black crabbed tree of my Lord's cross hath made Christ and my soul very entire. He is my song in the night.

A Little Piety goes a Good Way.

Oh, if we could take pains for the kingdom of heaven! But we sit down upon some ordinary marks of God's children, thinking we have as much as will separate us from a reprobate, and thereupon we take the play and cry "Holiday!" And thus the devil casteth water on our care, and blunteth our zeal and love.

Oh, for Possession!

Half a kiss is sweet, but our doting love will not be content with a right to Christ unless we get possession. Like the man who will not be content with rights to bought land, except he get also the ridges and acres laid upon his back to carry home with him.

The Furnace.

I hope in God to leave some of my rust and superfluities in Aberdeen.

Good Credit.

I would not wish a better stock, while heaven be my stock, than to live upon credit at Christ's hands, daily borrowing.

Losing Business.

I have not lighted upon the rich gate of putting Christ to the bank, and making myself rich with him. My misguiding and childish trafficking with that matchless Pearl, that heaven's Jewel, the Jewel of the Father's delights, hath put me to a great loss.

A Full Fountain, but a Poor Receptacle.

Christ, all the seasons of the year, is dropping sweetness. If I had vessels I might fill them, but my old riven, running-out dish, even when I am at the well, can bring little away.

How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little can I take away of my great Sea, my boundless and running-over Christ Jesus.

The Safe Surety.

I would spoil my own heaven yet if I had not burdened Christ with all. I but lend my bare name to the sweet covenant. Christ behind and before and on either side maketh all sure.

Unspeakable Excellence.

Oh, would to my Lord that I could cause paper and ink to speak the worth and excellency, the high and loud praises of a Brother-ransomer! The Ransomer needeth not my report, but oh, if he would take it and make use of it!

I should be happy if I had an errand to this world but for some few years to spread proclamations and outcries and love-letters of the highness, the highness for evermore, the glory, the glory for evermore, of the Ransomer, whose clothes were wet and dyed with blood.

Christ and the World.

Put a low price upon the world's clay—put a high price upon Christ.

Hold On!

Hold on! Christ never yet slew a sighing, groaning child. More of that would make you won goods and a meet prey for Christ.

A Powerful Magnet.

Oh, well to my poor soul for evermore that my Lord called Grace to the Council and put Christ Jesus with free merits, and the blood of God foremost in the chase to draw sinners after a Redeemer!

Draw on Christ.

I am no better yet, but Faith liveth and spendeth upon our Captain's charges, who is able to pay all. We need not pity him. He is rich enough.

Love Still.

Christ's love under a veil is love.

Spiritual Trifling.

I am like a child that hath a gilded book, that playeth with the ribbons, and the gilding, and the picture on the first page, but readeth not the contents of it. Certainly, if by my desires to my well-Beloved I could provoke devils, and crosses, and the world, and temptations, to the field, but oh! my poor weakness maketh me lie behind the bush and hide me.

The Most Doleful Thing in the World.

Mistaken grace and somewhat like conversion is the saddest and most doleful thing in the world.

Be True.

Be jealous over yourself and your own heart, and keep faith with God. Let him not have a faint and feeble soldier of you. Fear not to back Christ, for he will conquer and overcome.

A weak-eyed Hope.

Short, and silly, and sand-blind were our hope, if it could not look over the water to our best heritage, and if it stayed only at home and about the doors of our clay house.

Coming Joy.

How ye will rejoice when Christ layeth down your head under his chin, and drieth your face, and welcometh you to glory and happiness.

Push On.

He that would reckon and tell all the stones in his way, in a journey of three or four hundred miles, and write up in his count-book all the herbs and flowers growing in his way, might come short of his journey. You cannot stay in your inch of time to lose your day—in setting your heart on this vain world.

A Jealous God.

In that our Lord took your husband to himself, I know it was that he might make room for himself. He cutteth off your love to the creature, that ye might learn that God only is the right owner of your love.

Gracious Spinning.

You must learn to make your evils your great good; and to spin comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ out of your troubles, that are Christ's wooers sent to speak for you to himself.

Crosses Welcome.

Thanks to God for crosses!

Joy in Trials.

Seeing Christ has fastened heaven to the far end of the cross, and he will not loose the knot himself, and none else can, let us then count it exceeding joy when we fall into divers temptations.

Jewels.

There is sand in your glass yet. Consider what peace and joy are in Christ's service. Think what advantage it will be to have angels, the world, life and death, crosses, yea, and devils, all for you as the King's sergeants and servants, to do your business. To have mercy on your seed and a blessing on your house. To have true honour and a name on earth that casteth a sweet smell. What dignity it is to be a son of God! Dominion and mastery over temptations, over the world and sin.

Be not Deceived.

We would all keep both Christ and our right eye, our right hand and foot; but it will not do with us.

Dew Drops.

Truly I think Christ's misty dew a welcome message from heaven till my Lord's rain fall.

A Headstrong Love.

I know he will not want you, and that there is a sweet wilfulness in his love, and ye have as good cause on the other part to be headstrong and peremptory in your love to Christ, and not to part nor divide your love between him and the world. If it were more it is little enough, yea, too little for Christ.

A Laughing Cross.

I am now every way in good terms with Christ. He hath set a banished prisoner as a seal on his heart, and as a bracelet on his arm. That crabbed and black tree of the cross laugheth upon me now. The alarming noise of the cross is worse than itself.

Oh, if all the kingdom were as I am except these bonds! My loss is gain, my sadness joyful, my bonds liberty, my tears comfortable. This world is not worth a drink of cold water.

No matter How.

If ye get Christ, howbeit not the sweet, pleasant way ye would have him, it is enough.

Give Christ All.

Your only errand to the world is to woo Christ. Therefore put other lovers from about his house, and let Christ have all your love.

Good Guests.

He and his cross are two good guests, and worth the lodging.

The Head on Jesus's Bosom.

My sky shall clear, for Christ layeth my head in his bosom, and admitteth me to lean there. I never knew before what his love was in such a measure.

A Soft Couch.

Go where you will, your soul shall not sleep sound but in Christ's bosom. Come in to him and lie down, and rest you on the slain Son of God.

Enough.

I sought him, and now a fig for all the worm-eaten and moth-eaten glory out of heaven since I have found him, and in him all I can want or wish.

Christ hath given me the marriage kiss, and he hath my marriage love.

A Poor Return.

I have gotten much love from Christ, but I give him little or none again. My white side cometh out on paper to men, but at home and within I find much black work, and great cause of low sail and of little boasting.

Christ's Ornaments.

He will make a diadem, a garland, a seal upon his heart, and a ring upon his finger, of those who have avouched him before this faithless generation.

Grace the Deliverer.

I was the law's man, and under the law and under a curse. But grace brought me from under that hard lord, and I rejoice that I am grace's freeholder.

An Undesirable Calm.

I have not now of a long time found such high spring tides as formerly. The sea is out and the wind of his Spirit calm, and I cannot buy a wind, or, by requesting the sea, cause it to flow again, only I wait on, upon the banks or shore side till the Lord send a full sea, that with up-sails I may lift up Christ.

Sweet Longings.

Sorrow for his absence is sweet, and sighs with "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" have their own delights. Oh, that I may gather hunger against his long-looked-for return!

Even to dream of him is sweet. To build a house of pining wishes for his return, to spin out a web of sorrow, and care, and languishing and sighs, either dry or wet, as the case may be, because he hath no leisure, if I may speak so, to make a visit, or to see a poor friend, sweeteneth and refresheth the thoughts of the heart.

Soft Wax.

Christ's stamp and seal would go far down in a young soul if he would receive the thrust of Christ's stamp.

Is there not a Cause?

Who hath more cause to boast in the Lord than such a sinner as I am, who am feasted with the consolations of Christ, and have no pain in my sufferings but the pain of soul-sickness, of love for Christ, and sorrow that I cannot sound aloud the praises of him who hath heard the sighing of the prisoner, and is content to lay the head of his oppressed servant in his bosom under his chin, and let him feel the smell of his garments!

Three Strange Things.

This love would keep all created tongues of men and angels busy night and day to speak of it. Alas! I can speak nothing of it but wonder at three things in his love. *First*, freedom. Oh, that lumps of sin should get such love for nothing! *Secondly*, the sweetness of his love. I give over either to speak or write of it. *Thirdly*, what power and strength are in his love! I am persuaded it can climb a steep hill with hell upon its back; and swim through water and not drown; and sing in the fire and find no pain; and triumph in losses, prisons, sorrows, disgrace, exile, and laugh and rejoice in death!

Persistent Kindness.

Whether I will or not, he will be kind to me. As if he had defied my guiltiness to make him unkind, he so breathes his love in on me. Here I die with wondering that justice hindereth not love.

A Wondrous Escape.

Heaven and angels may wonder that we have got such a gate of sin and hell. Such a back-entry out of hell as Christ made and brought out the captives by is more than my poor shallow thoughts can comprehend.

"He found me in a Desert Land."

I was in his eyes like a young orphan, wanting known parents, casten out in the open fields: either Christ behooved to take me up and to bring me home to his house and fireside, else I should have died in the fields.

Love Expulsive.

Let Christ's love bear most court in your soul, and that love will bear down the love of other things.

Cloudless Love.

Oh, for a year's lease of the sense of his love without a cloud, to try what Christ is!

Tardy Time.

Oh, time! time! how dost thou torment the souls of those that would be swallowed up of Christ's love because thou movest so slowly!

What would I not give to have time that lieth betwixt Christ and me taken out of the way, that we might at once meet! I cannot but think but that at the first sight I shall see of that most lovely and fairest face, love will come out of his two eyes and fill me with astonishment.

The Feast Day.

I know it is far after noon, and nigh the marriage supper of the Lamb. The table is covered already. O well-Beloved, run, run fast! Oh, fair day, when wilt thou dawn! Oh, shadows, flee away!

A Good Barter.

It were good to sell other things for him. For when all these days are over, we shall find it our advantage that we have taken part with Christ.

Be Patient.

Our sand-glass is not so long as we need to weary. Time will eat away and root out our woe and sorrow. Our heaven is in the bud and growing up to a harvest. Why, then, should we not follow on, seeing our span-length of time will come to an inch?

The Vessel Safe.

Think not much of a storm on the ship that Christ saileth in. There shall no passenger fall overboard, but the crazed ship and the sea-sick passengers shall come safe to land.

The Indwelling Pope.

I find one thing which I saw not well before, that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries and war-shouts in the conscience; and in prosperity, conscience is a Pope to give dispensations, and let out and in, and give latitude and elbow-room to our heart.

Sweet Communion.

I am in as sweet communion with Christ as a poor sinner can be, and am only pained that he hath much beauty and fairness, and I little love.

If you but saw Him!

Oh, if ye saw the beauty of Jesus, and smelled the fragrance of his love, you would run through fire and water to be at him!

Idols Fall before a Cross.

All is but bairns' play till a cross without begets a heavier cross within, and then we play no longer with our idols.

Salvation in a Look.

Oh, but Christ hath a saving eye! Salvation is in his eye-lids. When he first looked on me I was saved. It cost him but a look to make hell quit of me.

Wondrous Partnership.

That Christ and a sinner should be one, and have heaven betwixt them, and be halvers of salvation is the wonder of salvation.

A Light in the Dark Hour.

When the time shall come that your eye-strings shall break, your face wax pale, your breath grow cold, and this house of clay shall totter, and your one foot shall be over the limit in eternity, it will be your comfort and joy that ye gave your name to Christ.

Look out for a Refuge.

It were good that we prisoners of hope know of our stronghold to run to before the storm come on.

Short-lived Pleasures.

May flowers and morning vapor and summer-mist hasteth not so fast away as these worm-eaten pleasures which we follow.

Laughing Faces.

I would not exchange my prisons and sad nights with the court honour and ease of my adversaries. My Lord is pleased to make many unknown faces to laugh upon me and to provide a lodging for me.

A Great and Hopeless Loss.

No loss is comparable to the loss of the soul; there is no hope of regaining that loss.

Onward!

Go on through your waters without wearying; your Guide knoweth the way; follow him, and cast your cares and temptations upon him, and let not worms, the sons of men, affright you.

The Ever-Living God.

Ye have heard of the patience of Job. When he lay in the ashes God was with him.

That God is not dead yet, he will stoop and take up the fallen bairns. Many broken legs since Adam's days hath he bound up, and many weary hearts hath he refreshed.

A Sure Supply.

None cometh dry from David's Well.

His Will.

I dare not say one word; he hath done it, and I will lay my hand upon my mouth. If any other had done it to me I could not have borne it.

Boundless Love.

Oh, the depths of Christ's love! It hath neither brim nor bottom. Oh, if this blind world saw his beauty! When I count with him for his mercies to me I must stand still and wonder, and go away as a poor bankrupt who hath nothing to pay.

Pray without Ceasing.

Give hours of the day to prayer.

Safe in the Seas.

I have been casten down and heavy with fears, and hunted with challenges. I was swimming in the depths, but Christ had his hand under my chin all the time, and took good heed that I should not lose breath; and now I have gotten my feet again, and there are love-feasts of joy and spring-tides of consolation betwixt Christ and me. We agree well.

Sad Mistake.

Oh, this world thinketh heaven but at the next door, and that godliness may sleep in a bed of down till it come to heaven. But that will not do it.

Youth's Perils.

Missive letters go between the devil and young blood. Satan hath a friend at court in the heart of youth; and there pride, luxury, lust, revenge, forgetfulness of God, are hired as his agents. Happy is your soul if Christ man the house.

The Good Goldsmith.

The dross of my cross gathered a scum of fears in the fire, doubtings, impatience, unbelief, challenging of Providence as sleeping and as not regarding my sorrow; but my Goldsmith, Christ, was pleased to take off the scum and burn it in the fire. And, blessed be my Refiner, he hath made the metal better, and furnished new supply of grace to cause me to hold out weight; and I hope that he hath not lost one grain-weight by burning his servant.

Oh, for his Presence!

Nothing paineth me now but want of presence. I think it long till day. I challenge time as too slow in its pace, that holdeth my only, only fair One, my Love, my well-Beloved from me.

A Crazed Ship.

I am like an old crazed ship that hath endured many storms, and that would fain be in the lee of the shore, and feareth new storms. I would be that nigh heaven that the shadow of it might break the force of the storm, and the crazed ship might win to the land

The right sort of a Devil.

Since we must have a devil to trouble us, I like a raging devil best. Our Lord knoweth what sort of a devil we have need of. It is best that Satan be in his own skin and look like himself.

Second Thoughts.

Since my spirit was settled and the clay has fallen to the bottom of the well, I see better what Christ was doing.

Three Troubles.

I want little of half a heaven, and I find Christ every day so sweet, comfortable, lovely, and kind, that three things only trouble me. 1. I see not how to be thankful, or how to get help to praise that royal King who raiseth up those that are bowed down. 2. His love paineth me and woundeth my soul, so that I am in a fever for want of real presence. 3. An excessive desire to take instruments, in God's name, that this is Christ and his truth which I now suffer for.

Hold Fast.

Give not an hair-breadth of truth away, for it is not yours, but God's.

Christ's Word and Man's

His "Well done!" is worth a shipful of "Good days" and earthly honours. I have cause to say this, because I find him Truth itself.

Panting.

My love to him hath easten my soul into a fever, and there is no cooling of my fever till I get real possession of Christ. Oh, strong, strong love of Jesus, thou hast wounded my heart with thine arrows! Oh, pain! Oh, pain of love for Christ! Who will help me to praise?

Make Haste.

Your afternoon's sun is wearing low. Time will eat up your frail life, like a worm gnawing at the root of a May-flower. Lend Christ your heart.

Only Christ.

He hath come to my prison and run away with my heart and all my love. Well may he enjoy it! I wish that my love get never an owner but Christ. Fie, fie upon old lovers that kept us so long asunder! We shall not part now.

No Tarrying.

Death, as fast as time fleeth, chaseth you out of this life.

Embracing the Cross.

I take his cross in my arms with joy. I bless it, I rejoice in it; suffering for Christ is my garland. I would not exchange Christ for ten thousand worlds.

Cheer in Sadness.

In my sad days Christ laugheth cheerfully, and saith, "All will be well."

God alone Reads the Heart.

I thought myself in a hard case. Some said I had cause to rejoice that Christ had honoured me to be a witness for him. And I said in my heart, "These are the words of men who see but mine outside, and cannot tell if I be a false witness or not."

A Many-plied Love.

There are infinite plies in his love, that the saints will never win to unfold. I would it were better known, and that Christ got more of his own due than he doth.

Why does he Tarry?

Oh, time, be not slow! Oh, run more speedily and hasten our banquet! Oh, Bridegroom, be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains! Oh, well-beloved, run fast, that we may once meet!

Silver Linings.

At my first coming hither I was in great heaviness, wrestling with challenges, being burdened in heart (as I am yet) for my silent Sabbaths and for a bereaved people, young ones new-born plucked from the breasts, and the children's table drawn. I thought I was a dry tree cast over the dyke of the vineyard.

Now, now he is pleased to feast a poor prisoner, and to refresh me with joy unspeakable and glorious.

Unfathomable.

I must give over all attempts to fathom the depth of his love. All I can do is to stand beside his great love, and look and wonder.

If I had as many angel-tongues as there have fallen drops of rain since the creation, or as there are leaves of trees in all the forests of the earth, or of stars in the heaven, to praise, yet my Lord Jesus would ever be behind with me.

Trim your Lamp.

When the eye-strings break, and the breath groweth cold, and the imprisoned soul looketh out of the windows of the clay house ready to leap out into eternity, what would you then give for a lamp-full of oil? Oh, seek it now!

The Bush Unburned.

Blessed be his great name, the dry tree was in the fire and was not burnt; his dew came down and quickened the dew of a withered plant, and now he is come again with joy, and hath been pleased to feast his exiled and afflicted prisoner with the joy of his consolations.

I weep, but I am not sad; I am chastened, but I die not; I have loss, but I want nothing; this water cannot drown me, this fire cannot burn me, because of the good will of him that dwelt in the bush. The worst things of Christ, his reproaches, his cross, are better than Egypt's treasures.

Be Careful.

Let truth and Christ get no wrong in your hand. It is your gain if Christ be glorified, and your glory to be Christ's witness.

A Christian Directory.

1. That hours of the day for the word and prayer be given to God.

2. In the midst of worldly employments there should be some thoughts of sin, death, judgment, and eternity, with at least a word or two of ejaculatory prayer to God.

3. Beware of a wandering heart in private prayers.

4. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from prayer without a sense of joy. Downcasting, sense of guiltiness, and hunger, are often best for us.

5. That the Lord's day, from morning till night, be spent either in private or public worship.

6. That the word be observed, wandering and idle thoughts be avoided, sudden anger, and desire of revenge.

7. That known, discovered, and revealed sins be eschewed as most dangerous preparatives to hardness of heart.

8. That we deal with all men in sincerity.

Home Longings.

I think that the sparrows and swallows that build their nests in the kirk of Anwoth are blessed birds.

"Come and See."

There is nothing that will make you a Christian indeed but a taste of the sweetness of Christ.

Challenges.

I have been much challenged:

1. For not referring all things to God as the last end.

2. That I have not benefited by good company, and that I have not left some word of conviction even upon natural and wicked men by reproving swearing in them, or because of being a silent witness of their loose carriage.

3. That the woes and calamities of the kirk have not moved me.

4. That unrepented sins of youth were not looked to and lamented for.

5. That sudden stirring of pride, lust, revenge, love of honours, were not resisted and repented of.

6. That death hath not often been meditated upon.

7. That I have not been careful of gaining others to Christ.

8. That my grace and gift bring forth so little or no thankfulness.

The Half not Told.

All was but bairns' play between Christ and me till now. If one would have sworn to me I would not have believed what may be found in Christ.

Christ at Least.

Whatever I be, the chief of sinners, a devil, and a most guilty devil, yet it is the apple of Christ's eye, his honour and glory as the Head of the Church, that I suffer for now, and that I will go to eternity with.

"Abominable and Filthy."

I have seen my abominable vileness. If I were well known, there would none in this kingdom ask how I do. Many take my ten to be a hundred, but I am a deeper hypocrite and shallower professor than every one believeth. God knoweth I feign not.

If I could get my finger ends upon a full assurance, I trow that I would grip fast. But my cup wanteth not gall. And upon my part despair might almost be excused if every one in this land saw my inner side.

Come and See!

Brother, I may now, from my new experience, speak of Christ to you. Oh, if ye saw in him what I see! A river of God's unseen joys has flowed from bank to brae over my soul since I parted with you.

Duties.

Thoughts of atheism should be watched over, growth in grace should be cared for above all things, and falling from our first love mourned for; conscience made of praying for enemies who are blinded.

Painful Compliments.

I fear that ye have never known me well. If ye saw my inner side, it is possible that ye would pity me, but ye would hardly give me either love or respect. Men mistake me the whole length of the heavens. My sins prevail over me, and the terrors of their guiltiness. I am put often to ask if Christ and I ever did shake hands together in earnest.

Admirable Mercy.

My sins against light working in me in the very act of sinning have been met with admirable mercy. But alas, he will get nothing back again but wretched unthankfulness!

Strange Ups and Downs.

I am in strange ups and downs, and seven times a day I lose ground. I am put often to swimming, and again my feet are set on the Rock that is higher than myself.

Idolizing Comfort.

I am pained, pained that I have not more to give my sweet Bridegroom. His comforts to me are not dealt with a niggard's hand, but I would fain learn not to idolize comfort, sense, joy, and sweet, felt presence. All these are but creatures, and nothing but the kingly robe, the gold ring, and the bracelets of the Bridegroom. The Bridegroom himself is better than all the ornaments that are about him.

Which?

I have now made a new question whether Christ be more to be loved for giving sanctification or free justification? And I hold that he is more and most to be loved for sanctification. It is in some respects greater love in him to sanctify than to justify; for he maketh us most like himself in his own essential portraiture and image in sanctifying us. Justification doth but just make us happy, which is to be like angels only; neither is it such misery to be a condemned man and under unforgiven guiltiness, as to serve sin and work the works of the devil.

God be thanked for ever that Christ was a told-down price for sanctification!

Enough in the Fountain.

Oh, how little were it for that infinite fountain of love and joy to fill as many thousand thousands of little vessels the like of me as there are minutes of hours since the creation!

Oh, that we little ones were in at the greatest Lord Jesus! Our wants should soon be swallowed up with his fulness.

Brightest of Days.

Oh, how sweet and glorious shall our case be when that fairest among the sons of men will lay his fair face to our sinful faces and wipe all tears from our eyes! Oh, time! time! run swiftly and hasten this day!

Waiting.

I am for the present hanging by hope, waiting what my Lord will do with me.

A Miracle of Grace.

When I look to my guiltiness I see that my salvation is one of our Saviour's greatest miracles, either in heaven or earth. I am sure I may defy any man to show me a greater wonder. But seeing I have no wares, no hire, no money for Christ, he must either take me with want, misery, corruption, or then want me.

Spiritual Laziness.

The lazy professor hath put heaven, as it were, at the very next door, and thinketh to fly up to heaven in his bed, and in a night-dream. But truly that is not so easy a thing as most men believe. Christ himself did sweat ere he won this city, howbeit he was the free-born heir.

Poor, poor Praises.

If I could set him as far above the heaven as thousand thousands of heights devised by men and angels, I should think him but too low. I pray you, for God's sake, my dear sister, to help me to praise.

True Love.

He is content to kiss my black mouth, to put his hand into mine, and to feed me with as many consolations as would feed ten hungry souls!

Christ's Compass.

Your heart is not the compass that Christ saileth by.

Kedar's Tents.

I see that providence runneth not on broken wheels; but I, like a fool, carved a providence for mine own eyes, to die in my nest, and to sleep till my gray hairs, and to lie on the sunny side of the mountain in my ministry at Anwoth, but now I have nothing to say against a borrowed fireside, and another man's house, nor Kedar's tents, where I live, being removed far from my acquaintance, my lovers, and my friends.

Good Fare.

My Lord hath filled me with such dainties that I am like to a full banqueter who is not for common cheer.

Temptations.

The greatest temptation out of hell is to live without temptations.

Love Invincible.

A heart of iron and iron doors will not hold Christ out.

Helps.

I have benefited by riding alone in a long journey in giving that time to prayer. 2. By abstinence and giving days to God. 3. By praying for others. For by making an errand to God for them, I have gotten something for myself.

Marks.

Ye may put a difference between you and reprobates if ye have these marks—

1. If ye prize Christ and his truth, so as ye will sell all and buy him and suffer for it.

2. If the love of Christ keepeth you back from sinning more than the law or fear of hell.

3. If ye be humble and deny your own will, wit, credit, ease, honour, the world, and the vanity and glory of it.

4. Your profession must not be barren and void of good works.

5. You must in all things aim at God's honour. Ye must eat, drink, sleep, buy, sell, sit, stand, speak, pray, read, and hear the word with a heart purpose that God may be honoured.

6. Ye must show yourself an enemy to sin, and reprove the works of darkness—such as drunkenness, swearing, and lying—albeit the company should hate you for so doing.

7. Keep in mind the truth of God.

8. Make conscience of your calling in covenants, buying, and selling.

9. Acquaint yourself with daily praying. Commit all your ways and actions to God by prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving, and count not much in being mocked, for Christ Jesus was mocked before you.

Frowns Smile.

Dry wells send us to the Fountain.

Try Me.

O Lord, bear me witness if my soul thirsteth for anything out of heaven more than for your salvation. Let God lay me in an even balance and try me in this.

View the Land.

Love heaven. Let your heart be on it. Up, up and visit the new land, and view the fair city, and the white throne, and the Lamb, the bride's Husband, in the Bridegroom's clothes, sitting on it.

Prison Tuition.

I never knew by my nine years' preaching so much of Christ's love as he hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment.

Cross-Slanderers.

The world hath raised a slander upon the cross of Christ because they love to go to heaven by dry land, and love not sea-storms. But I write it under my hand (and would say more, if possibly a reader would not deem it hypocrisy) that my obligation to Christ for a smell of his garments, for his love-kisses these thirty weeks, standeth so great that I should, and I desire also to choose to suspend my salvation to have many tongues loosed in my behalf to praise him; and suppose in person I never entered within the gates of the New Jerusalem, yet so being Christ may be set on high, and I had the liberty to cast my love and praises for ever over the wall to Christ, I would be content.

Preaching-Bonds.

If my Lord would bring edification to one soul by my bonds I am satisfied.

Oh, for One Look!

Oh, that I could have leave to look in through the hole of the door to see his face and sing his praises, or could break up one of his chamber windows to look in upon his delighting beauty till my Lord send more! Any little communion with him, one of his love-looks, should be my begun heaven.

Young Heaven.

Christ's love is young glory and young heaven. It would soften hell's pain to be filled with it.

Infinite Beauty.

If ten thousand thousand worlds of angels were created, they might all tire themselves wondering at his beauty, and begin again to wonder of new.

Christ Best.

I vouch that Christ, and sweating and sighing under his cross, is sweeter to me by far than all the kingdoms in the world could possibly be.

Half-Kisses.

My Lord giveth me but hungry half-kisses, which serve to feed pain and increase hunger, but do not satisfy my desires. His dieting of my soul for this race maketh me lean.

The Good of Bad Weather.

Faith is the better of the free air and of the sharp winter storm in its face. Grace withereth without adversity.

Christ the Same.

If Christ had such changeable and new thoughts of salvation as I have of it, I think I should then be at a sad loss.

Crumbs.

His broken meat is sweet unto me. I thank my Lord for borrowed crumbs, no less than when I was feasted at the communion table at Anwoth.

Though he Slay me.

Let him even say out of his own mouth, "There is no hope," yet I will die in that sweet beguile—"It is not so." I shall see the salvation of God. Let me be deceived really and never win to dry land, it is my joy to believe under the water, and to die with faith in my hand gripping Christ.

I must Praise Him.

I must tell you what lovely Jesus, fair Jesus, King Jesus has done to my soul. Sometimes he sendeth me out a standing drink, and whispereth a word through the wall; and I am well content of kindness at the second hand; his bid is ever welcome to me, be what it will. But at other times he will be the messenger himself, and I get the cup of salvation out of his own hand, and we cannot rest till we be in other's arms.

Ready.

I am most ready at the good pleasure of my Lord in the strength of his grace for anything he may be pleased to call me to. Neither shall the last black-faced messenger Death be holden at the door when it shall knock.

The Devil in the Prison.

I see that the devil can insinuate himself, and ride his errands upon the thoughts of his poor distressed prisoner.

A Strong Foundation.

I would that I could build as much on this—*my Christ is God*—as it would bear. I might lay all the world upon it.

Only Knock.

We might beg ourselves rich (if we were wise) if we could hold out our withered hands to Christ, and learn to suit, seek, ask, and knock.

A Good Whetstone.

I find that my extremity hath sharpened the edge of his love and kindness, so that he seemeth to devise new ways of expressing the sweetness of his love to my soul.

A New Opinion.

Since I came to this prison I have conceived a new and extraordinary opinion of Christ which I had not before.

The Well's Head.

I know that Christ's kisses will cast a more strong and refreshful smell of incomparable glory and joy in heaven than they do here; because a drink at the Well of Life, up at the Well's Head, is more sweet and fresh by far than that which we get in our borrowed, old, running-out vessels and our wooden dishes here; yet I am persuaded that it is our folly to postpone all till term-day.

Love of Souls.

Let me be weighed of my Lord in a just balance if your souls lie not weighty upon me. Ye go to bed and ye rise with me. Thoughts of your soul (my Dearest in our Lord) depart not from me in my sleep; ye have a great part in my tears, sighs, supplications and prayers. Oh, if I could buy your soul's salvation with any sufferings whatever, and that ye and I might meet with joy up in the rainbow when ye shall stand before our Judge!

"Wretched man that I am!"

I am not the man I go for in this nation. Men have not just weights to weigh me in.

If Christ should refer the matter to me, (in his presence I speak it,) I might think shame to rate my own salvation. I think Christ might say, "Thinkest thou not shame to claim heaven who dost so little for it?" I am very often so that I know not whether I sink or swim in the water.

Delightsome Torments.

Oh, what would I give to have a bed made to my wearied soul in his bosom! I would postpone heaven for many years to have my fill of Jesus in this life, and to have occasion to offer Christ to my people, and to woo many people to Christ. I cannot tell you what sweet pain and delightsome torments are in Christ's love.

A Glimpse.

In my race he hath come near me and let me see the gold and crown.

Living on Credit.

My faith is richer to live upon credit and Christ's borrowed money than to have much on hand.

Make All Sure.

Examine yourself if ye be in good earnest in Christ.

Many think they believe, but never tremble. The devils are further on than these. (James ii. 19.) Make sure to yourself that ye are above ordinary professors.

Let them do their Worst.

No created powers in hell or out of hell can mar the music of our Lord Jesus, or spoil our song of joy.

A Lost Heart.

Since he looked on me my heart is not mine own; he hath run away to heaven with it.

Water for Satan's Coal.

Sanctified thoughts, thoughts made conscience of, and called in and kept in one, are green fuel that burns not, and are a water for Satan's coal.

Doubt-Drugs.

Doubtings are your sins, but they are Christ's drugs, and ingredients that the Physician maketh use of for the curing of your pride.

A Slippery Way.

There is not such a glassy, icy, slippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven as youth; and I have experience to say with me here, and to seal what I assert. The old ashes of the sins of my youth are now fire of sorrow to me. I have seen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet rise again and be a worse devil than ever he was. Therefore, my brother, beware of a green young devil that hath never been buried.

Why Mourn?

We see God's fed oxen prepared for the day of slaughter go dancing and singing down to the black chamber of hell, and why should we go to heaven weeping?

Bad Metal.

If this world and the lusts thereof be your delight, I know not what Christ can make of you. Ye cannot be metal to be a vessel of glory and mercy.

In the Book.

I cannot indeed see through my cross to the far end, yet I believe I am in Christ's books, and in his decree (not yet unfolded to me), a man triumphing, dancing, and singing on the other side of the Red Sea, and laughing and praising the Lamb.

The Sweets of Faith.

Sweet, sweet for evermore would my life be if I could keep faith in exercise! But I see that my fire cannot always cast light.

Hopelessly in Debt.

I am just like a man who hath nothing to pay his thousands of debt; all that can be gotten of him is to seize his person. Except Christ would seize upon myself and make the readiest payment that can be of my heart and love to himself, I have no other thing to give him.

Suddenly.

Our Master will be on us all in a clap, ere ever we wit.

The Lord's Fan.

That day will discover all our whites and our blacks.

Let us make our part of it good, that it may be able to abide the fire when hay and stubble shall be burned to ashes. Nothing, nothing, I say nothing but sound sanctification can abide the Lord's fan.

Perfumes will Rise.

I cannot but speak what I have felt; seeing my Lord Jesus hath broken a box of spikenard upon the head of his poor prisoner, and it is hard to hide a sweet smell. It is pain to smother Christ's love. It will out, whether we will or not.

The Happiest Hard Tree.

A cross, especially when he cometh with his arms full of joys, is the happiest hard tree that was ever laid upon my weak shoulder. Christ and his cross together are sweet company and a blessed couple.

Cast Down, but not Destroyed.

I dare not say that the Lord hath put out my candle, and casten water upon my poor coal, and broken the stakes of my tabernacle: but I have tasted bitterness and eaten gall and wormwood since the day when my Lord laid bonds upon me to speak no more.

Satan's Advantage.

I find that the devil hath the advantage of the ground in this battle; for he fighteth on known ground in our corrupt nature.

Down with Idols.

Oh, if every one would put away himself, his own self, his own ease, his own pleasure, his own credit, his own twenty things, his own hundred things, which he setteth up as idols above Christ!

Remember.

1. That salvation is one of Christ's dainties which he giveth to but few.

2. That it is violent sweating and striving that taketh heaven.

3. That it cost Christ's blood to purchase that house to sinners.

4. That many make a start towards heaven who fall back and win not to the top of the mount.

5. Many go far on and reform many things, and can find tears as Esau did; and suffer hunger for truth as Judas did; and wish and desire the end of the righteous as Balaam did; and profess fair, and fight for the Lord as Saul did; and desire the saints to pray for them as Pharaoh and Simon Magus did; and prophesy and speak for Christ as Caiaphas did; and walk softly and mourn for fear of judgments as Ahab did; and put away gross sins and idolatry as Jehu did; and hear the word of God gladly, and reform their life in many things according to the word, as Herod did; and say "Master" to Christ, "I will follow thee whither thou goest," as the man who offered to be Christ's servant, (Matt. viii. 19); and may taste of the virtues of the life to come, and be partaker of the wonderful gifts of the Holy Spirit, and taste of the good word of God, as the apostates, who sin against the Holy Ghost, (Heb. vi.);—and yet all these are but like gold in chink and colour, and are plaited brass and base metal.

A Narrow, Thorny Way.

Go on in your journey to heaven, and be content with such fare by the way as Christ and his followers have had before you. For they had always the wind on their faces; and our Lord hath not changed the way to us for our ease, but will have us following our sweet Guide.

The Anchor-Cable Strong.

Our hope is not hung upon such an untwisted thread as "I imagine so," or "It is likely;" but the cable, the strong hawser of our fastened anchor, is the oath and promise of Him who is eternal verity.

The Race set before us.

Seeing a piece of suffering is carved to every one of us, less or more, as Infinite Wisdom has thought good, our part is to harden and habituate our soft and thin-skinned nature to endure fire and water, devils, lions, men, losses, wo hearts as these that are looked upon by God, angels, men, and devils.

Little by Little.

Put off a sin, or a piece of it, as of anger, wrath, lust, or intemperance, every day, that ye may more easily master the remnant of your corruption.

Be Quite Ready.

Sleep not sound till ye find yourself in that case that ye dare look death in the face, and durst hazard your soul upon eternity.

Rich Return.

Oh, that we could breathe out new hope and new submission every day into Christ's lap! For certainly a weight of glory well weighed, yea increasing to a far more exceeding and eternal weight, shall recompense both weight and length of light, and clipped, and short-dated crosses.

Self-Helplessness.

Oh, if it be hard to win one foot or half an inch out of our own will, our own wit, out of our own ease and worldly lusts, and so to deny ourself and to say, "It is not I, but Christ; not I, but grace; not I, but God's glory; not I, but God's love constraining me; not I, but the Lord's word; not I, but the Lord's commanding power in me;"—oh, what pains, and what a death it is to nature to turn me, myself, my lust, my ease, my credit, over unto my Lord, my Saviour, my King, and my God, my Lord's will, my Lord's grace!

Patience brings Perfection.

Submissive on-waiting for the Lord will at length ripen the joy and deliverance of his own.

Pull the Soul Round.

Pull at your soul, and draw it aside from the company that it is with, and sound and whisper into it news of eternity, death, judgment, heaven, and hell.

Ill-Raveled Work.

Twenty times a day I ravel my heaven, and then I must come with my ill-raveled work to Christ, to cumber him, as it were, to right it.

God be thanked for many spoiled salvations, and many ill-raveled heaps hath Christ mended since first he entered Tutor to lost mankind.

Hard Climbing.

It cost Christ and all his followers sharp showers and hot sweats, ere they won to the top of the mountain, but our soft nature would still have heaven coming down to our bed-side when we are sleeping, and lying down with us, that we might go to heaven in warm clothes.

A Root out of a Dry Ground.

Alas, the wrong side of Christ, to speak so, his black side, his suffering side, his wounds, his bare coat, his want, his wrongs, the oppressions of men done to him, are turned toward men's eyes, and they see not the best and fairest side of Christ, nor see they his amiable face and his beauty, that men and angels wonder at.

Oh, for even a Look!

I were happy for evermore to get leave to stand but beside Christ and his love, and look in, suppose I were interdicted of God to come near hand, touch, or embrace, kiss, or set to my sinful head and drink myself drunk with that lovely thing.

A Strong Lord.

Lay all your loads and your weights by faith upon Christ; take ease to yourself and let him bear all; he can—he is able—he will bear you, howbeit hell were upon your back.

A Good Start.

Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way to heaven, that ye have started to the gate in the morning. Like a fool as I was, I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon, before ever I took the gate by the end. I pray you now keep the advantage ye have.

Make Sure Work.

Cast the earth deep, and down, down with the old work, the building of confusion that was there before; and let Christ lay new work and make a new creation within you.

Advance.

I thought not the hundredth part of Christ long since that I do now; though alas! my thoughts are still infinitely below his worth.

A Treacherous Profession.

If ye love but Christ's sunny side, and would have only summer weather and a land-gate, not a sea-way to heaven, your profession will play you a slip, and the winter-well will go dry again in summer.

Surrender to Christ.

Oh, blessed soul that could sacrifice his will, and go to heaven having lost his will, and made resignation of it to Christ! I would seek no more than that Christ were absolute king over my will, and that my will were a sufferer in all crosses without meeting Christ with such a word—"Why is it thus?"

Precious Cross.

For Christ's cross, especially the garland and flower of all crosses, to suffer for his name, I esteem it more than I can write or speak to you.

A Strong Helper.

Christ (whoever be one) is still at the heavy end of this black tree, and so it is but as a feather to me.

Look Long and Often.

Would to God that all cold-blooded, faint-hearted soldiers of Christ would look again and again to his love; and when they look, I would have them look again and again, and fill themselves with beholding of Christ's beauty.

Oh, for an Unveiled Saviour!

I wish still that my love had but leave to stand beside beautiful Jesus, and to get the mercy of looking to him, and burning for him, suppose that possession of him were suspended and postponed till my Lord fold together the leaves and the sides of this, of the little shepherd's tent of clay.

What can mere Creatures do?

Set ten thousand thousand new-made worlds of angels, and elect men, and double them in number ten thousand thousand thousand times. Let their heart and tongues be ten thousand thousand times more agile and large than the heart and tongues of seraphims that stand with six wings before him, when they have said all for the glorifying and praising of the Lord Jesus, they have but spoken little or nothing.

God's Long-suffering our Salvation.

If he had not been God, and if long-suffering in Christ were not like Christ himself, we should long ago have broken Christ's mercies into ten pieces, and put an iron bar on our salvation that mercy should not have been able to break or overleap.

Oh, sweet stability of sure-bottomed salvation! Who could win heaven if this were not so? Who could be saved if God were not God, and if he were not such a God as he is?

Doubting and Trying.

There is great odds between doubting that we have grace and trying if we have grace. The former may be sin—the latter is good.

Fighting—Victory.

The want of fighting were a mark of no grace, but I shall not think the want of victory is such a mark.

A Lifeless Heart.

Alas, the pity! Christ hath beauty for me, but I have not love for him. Oh, what pain is it to see Christ in his beauty, and then want a heart and love for him! But I see that want we must till Christ lend us never to be paid again.

A Precious Sorrow.

It is my daily-growing sorrow that I am confounded with his incomparable love, and that he doeth so great things for my soul, and hath got never yet anything of me worth speaking of.

The Crust and the Core.

If ye look both to the laughing side and the weeping side of this world, and if ye look not only to the skin and colour of things, but into their inwards, and the heart of their excellency, ye shall see that one look of Christ's lovely eye, one kiss of his fairest face, is worth ten thousand worlds of such rotten stuff as the foolish sons of men set their hearts upon.

"Up with Christ."

Look into those depths (without a bottom) of loveliness, sweetness, beauty, excellency, glory, goodness, grace, and mercy that are in Christ, and ye shall then cry down the whole world and all the glory of it even when it is come to the summer bloom; and ye shall cry, "Up with Christ!" "Up with Christ's Father!" "Up with eternity of glory!"

Fair Words for Chidings.

I know it is my faithless jealousy in this my dark night to take a friend for a foe, yet hath not my Lord made any plea with me. I chide with him, but he giveth me fair words.

Incomparable Lover.

I avouch, before God, man, and angel, that I have not seen nor can imagine a lover to be comparable to lovely Jesus. I would not exchange or barter him with ten heavens.

This and That.

Oh, happy soul for evermore who can rightly compare this life with that long-tasting life to come, and can balance the weighty glory of the one with the light golden vanity of the other!

Harmony in Heaven.

There shall be no complaints on either side in heaven. There shall be none there but he and we, the Bridegroom and the bride; devils, temptations, trials, desertions, losses, sad hearts, pain and death, shall all be put out of the play, and the devil must give up his office of tempting.

Suffering Sweet, if Christ be Glorified.

It is my aim and hearty desire that my furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling, may sparkle fire upon standers by, to the warming of their hearts with God's love.

A Golden Rod.

Oh, what am I, such a lump, a rotten mass of sin, to be counted a bairn worthy to be nurtured, and stricken with the best and most honoured rod in my Father's house, the golden rod wherewith my eldest brother, the Lord heir of the inheritance and his faithful witnesses were stricken withal.

A Fair Testimonial.

The very dust that falleth from Christ's feet, his old ragged clothes, his knotty and black cross are sweeter to me than kings' golden crowns and their time-eaten pleasures. I should be a liar and a false witness if I would not give my Lord Jesus a fair testimonial with my whole soul.

Mark of Grace.

Ye complain that ye want a mark of the sound work of grace and love in your soul. For answer, consider for your satisfaction (till God send more.) 1 John iii. 14. And as to your complaints of deadness and doubtings, Christ will, I hope, take your deadness and you together.

Holy Fear.

Holy fear is a searching of the camp, that there be no enemy within to betray us, and a seeing that all be fast and sure. For I see many leaky vessels sail before the wind, and professors who take their conversion upon trust, and they go on securely and see not the under-water till a storm sink them.

Strait is the Gate.

I verily think that the world hath too soft an opinion of the gate to heaven, and that many shall get a blind and sad beguile for heaven. For there is more ado than a cold frozen "Lord! Lord!"

The Crucified Sweeter than the Cross.

I know that he must be sweet himself when his cross is so sweet. And it is the part of us all, if we marry himself, to marry the crosses, losses, and reproaches also, that follow him, for mercy followeth Christ's cross.

Come and take me.

I find now under his cross that I would fain give more than I have to give him, if giving were in my power. But I rather wish him my heart than give him it. Except he take it and put himself in possession of it (for I hope he hath a market right to me since he hath ransomed me,) I see not how Christ can have me.

The Sighing of the Prisoner.

The Lord hath brought me safe to Aberdeen. I have gotten lodging in the hearts of all people I meet with. No face that hath not smiled upon me; only the indwellers in this town are dry, cold, and general.

It is counted no wisdom here to countenance a silenced minister; but the shame of Christ's cross shall not be my shame.

Happiness Enough.

I would seek no more to make me happy for evermore but a thorough and clear sight of the beauty of Jesus my Lord.

A Poor Medium.

I fear that his fair glory be but soiled in coming through such a foul creature as I am.

"My Sin is ever before me."

I find my old challenges raising again, and my love often jealous of Christ's love, when I look upon my own guiltiness.

Poor Sold Joseph.

I find often much joy and unspeakable comfort in His sweet presence who sent me hither, and I trust this house of my pilgrimage shall be my palace, my garden of delights, and that Christ will be kind to poor sold Joseph who is separated from his brethren.

Bitter in the Cup.

I would be sometimes too hot and too joyful, if the heart-breaks at the remembrance of sin and fair, fair feast-days with King Jesus did not cool me and sour my sweet joys.

Home-Sick.

I am at present thinking of the sparrows and swallows that build their nests in Anwoth, blessed birds!

The Gracious Hunter.

I verily think that Christ hath said, "I must needs-force have Jean Campbell for myself, and he hath laid many oars in the water to fish and hunt homewards your heart to heaven. Let him have his prey."

A King's Life.

Except that I have some cloudy days, for the most part I have a king's life with Christ. He is all perfumed with the powders of the merchant. He hath a king's face and a king's smell. His chariot wherein he carrieth his poor prisoner is of the wood of Lebanon—it is paved with love.

A Blessed Conquest.

Oh, blessed conquest to lose all things and to gain Christ! I know not what ye have if ye want Christ. Alas! how poor is your gain if the earth were all yours in free heritage, holding it of no man of clay if Christ be not yours!

The Will without the Way.

I am not able to honour Christ myself, but I wish all others to make sail to Christ's house.

Since I must have chains, he would put golden chains on me, watered over with many consolations. Seeing I must have sorrow (for I have sinned, O Preserver of mankind!) he hath selected out for me a joyful sorrow, honest, spiritual, and glorious sorrow.

Oh, to resign Self for God!

I would I had grace and strength of my Lord to be joyful and contentedly glad and cheerful, that God's glory might ride and openly triumph before the view of men, angels, devils, earth, heaven, hell, sun, moon, and all God's creatures upon my pain and sufferings, providing always that I felt not the Lord's hatred and displeasure.

"Its Own Bitterness."

My hidden wounds still bleeding within me are before the eyes of no man; but if my sweetest Lord Jesus were not still bathing, washing, balming, healing, and binding them up, they should rot and break out to my shame.

Fairest Lord Jesus.

Oh, fair sun, and fair moon, and fair stars, and fair flowers, and fair roses, and fair lilies, and fair creatures! But oh! ten thousand thousand times fairest Lord Jesus!

How Few!

Few are saved. Men go to heaven in ones and twos, and the whole world lieth in sin.

The One Eye.

I had one joy out of heaven next to Christ my Lord, and that was to preach him to this faithless generation; and they have taken that from me. It was to me as the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye.

Well Paid.

I am richly paid for suffering for him. Oh, if all Scotland were as I am except my bonds.

Crown Him!

I rejoice that my Lord hath any to back him. Thick, thick may my royal King's court be. Oh, that his kingdom might grow! It were my joy to have his house full of guests.

The Half not told.

I never write to any of him so much as I have felt. Oh, if I could write a book of Christ and of his love!

Hungering.

I know a poor soul that would lay all oars in the water for a banquet or feast of Christ's love. I cannot think but that it must be up-taking and sweet to see the white and red of Christ's fair face.

"Neither count I my Life dear."

If the Lord should ask of me my blood and life for his cause, I would gladly in his strength pay due debt to Christ's honour and glory in that kind.

The Braveries of Christ's Love.

Oh, let my part of heaven go for it, so being he would take my tongue to be his instrument, to set out Christ in his whole braveries of love, virtue, grace, sweetness, and matchless glory to the eyes and hearts of Jews and Gentiles!

Draw the Curtain.

We but stand beside Christ; we go not in to him to take our fill of him. But if he would do two things: 1. Draw the curtain and make bare his holy face; and then, 2. Clear our dim and bleared eyes to see his beauty and glory he should find many lovers.

Wait.

Wait on God for a seasonable salvation; ask not when or how long.

Let Jesus set his Price.

If my Lord Jesus would come to bargaining for his love, I think he might make the price himself. I should not refuse ten thousand years in hell to have a wide soul enlarged and made wider, that I might be exceedingly, even to the running over, filled with his love.

Christ better than Joy.

I would set heaven's joy aside, and live upon Christ's love alone.

If this love were taken from me, the bottom is fallen out of all my happiness and joy. And therefore I believe that Christ will never do me that much harm as to bereave a poor prisoner of his love.

A Terrible Harvest.

Alas! what a crop will that be when the Lord shall put in his hook to reap this world that is ripe and white for judgment!

Seek a Home.

You have a soul that cannot die; seek for a lodging for your poor soul, for that house of clay will fall.

Up with Christ!

I cry, "Down with men, down with all the excellency of this world, and up, up with Christ!" Long may that fair one, that holy one be on high!

All Safe.

What further trials are before me I know not, but I know that Christ will have a saved soul of me, over on the other side of the water, on the yonder side of crosses and beyond men's wrongs.

Less Fearful than it appears.

A sight of his cross is more awsome than the weight of it.

"Look not upon me, for I am Black."

I would fain have that which ye and others believe I have, but ye are only witnesses to my outer side and to some words on paper. Oh, that he would give me more than paper-grace or tongue-grace.

Gracious Transformations.

I wish for no other heaven on this side of the last sea that I must cross than this service of Christ, to make my blackness beauty, my deadness life, my guiltiness sanctification.

Godly Sins.

I see that the best thing I have hath as much dross beside it as might curse me and it both. And if it were for no more, we have need of a Saviour to pardon the very faults, and diseases, and weaknesses of the new man, and to take away (to say so) our godly sins, or the sins of our sanctification, and the dross and scum of spiritual love.

Paper Christians.

I know that it is our sin that would have sanctification on the sunny side of the hill, and holiness with nothing but summer, and crosses not at all. Sin hath made us as tender as if we were made of paper or glass.

Tribulation worketh Patience.

It is a blessed fever that fetcheth Christ to the bedside. I think Christ's "How doest thou with it, sick body?" is worth all my pained nights.

Desires on Wheels.

I would that I could be humble, and go with a low sail. I would that I had desires on wings and running on wheels, swift and active, and speedy in longing for Christ's honour.

The Rock on the Shore.

It is neither shame nor pride for a drowning man to swim to a rock, nor for a ship-broken soul to run himself ashore on Christ.

The only Garland.

Grace is the only garland that is worn in heaven on the heads of the glorified.

Christ's Man.

Seeing that Christ singeth my welcome home, and taketh me in and maketh short accounts and short work of reckoning betwixt me and my Judge, I must be Christ's man, and his tenant, and subject to his court.

Christ's Work and the Sinner's.

Sinners can do nothing but make wounds that Christ may heal them; and make debts that he may pay them; and make falls that he may raise them; and make deaths that he may quicken them.

Pray and Wait.

As for your son, who is your grief, your Lord waited on you and me till we were ripe and brought us in. It is your part to pray and wait upon him. When he is ripe he will be spoken for. Who can command our Lord's wind to blow?

Religion no Sleeping-couch.

Many are carried over sea and land to a far country in a ship, while as they sleep much of the way. But men are not landed at heaven sleeping. The righteous are scarcely saved, and many run as fast as either you or I who miss the prize and the crown.

A Gate of His Own.

I find my Lord Jesus cometh not in that precise way that I lay wait for him. He hath a gate of his own. Oh, how high are his ways above my ways!

Struggle On!

Be content to sigh and pant up the mountain with Christ's cross on your back.

No Cross in Heaven.

Crosses will but convoy you to heaven's gates—in they cannot go.

Noonday Faith.

Every man is a believer in daylight.

But to keep gold perfectly yellow amidst the flames, and to be turned from vessel to vessel, and yet to cause our furnace to sound, and speak, and cry the praises of our Lord is another matter.

A Hanged World.

Since the apostle saith that the world is crucified to him, we may put this world to the hangman's doom and to the gallows; and who will give much for a hanged man? And as little should we give for a hanged and crucified world.

Sad Mistake.

Alas! that men should think that ever they met with Christ, who had never a sick night through the terrors of God in their souls or a sore heart for sin.

Longing for the Harvest.

Oh, that the corn were ripe and this world prepared for his hook!

The Trial Near.

Some few years will bring us all out in our blacks and whites before our Judge. Eternity is nearer to you than ye are aware of. To go on in a course of defection, when an enlightened conscience is stirring and looking you in the face, and crying within you "that ye are going in an evil way," is a step to the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Calm after Storm.

I dare pawn my soul and life for it, that if ye take this storm with borne-down Christ, your sky shall quickly clear, and your fair morning dawn.

A Sweet Fellowship.

His glory is his end; oh, that I could join with him to make it my end! I would think that fellowship with him sweet and glorious.

Fair Wind.

Out of whatever quarter the wind blow, it will blow us on our Lord.

A Safe Venture.

Venture upon Christ's "Come!" and I dare swear ye will say (as it is in Ps. xvi. 7.), "I bless the Lord who gave me counsel."

Royal Life.

Since I find furniture, armour, and strength from the consecrated Captain, the Prince of our salvation, who was perfected through suffering, I esteem suffering for Christ a king's life.

Perfect Trust.

Subscribe a blank submission and put it into Christ's hands.

Life Insurance.

No wind can blow our sails overboard; because Christ's skill and honour of his wisdom are empawned and laid down at the stake for the sea-passengers, that he shall put them safe off his hand on the shore.

The Marksman.

Ye are an arrow of his own making; let him shoot you against a wall of brass, your point shall keep whole.

The Devil's Service.

Paul had need of the devil's service to buffet him, and much more we.

Esteemed Vanities.

Bits of lordships are little to him who hath many crowns on his head, and the kingdoms of the world in the hollow of his hand. Court, honour, glory, riches, stability of houses, favour of princes, are all on his fingers' ends. Oh, what glory were it to lend your honour to Christ, and to his Jerusalem!

Desolation without Christ.

When Christ and his gospel are out of Scotland, dream not that your houses shall thrive, and that it will go well with the nobles of the land. As the Lord liveth, the streams of your waters shall become pitch, and the dust of your land brimstone, and your land shall become burning pitch, and the owl and the raven shall dwell in your houses!

Better as it is.

How should we have complained if the Lord had turned the same providence that we now stomach at upside down, and had ordered matters thus, that first, the saints should have enjoyed heaven, glory, and ease, and then Methusaleh's days of sorrow and daily miseries.

Large Saviour-mercy.

Grace, grace, free grace, the merits of Christ for nothing, white, and fair, and large Saviour-mercy, (which is another sort of thing than creature-mercy, or love-mercy, yea, a thousand degrees above angel-mercy,) have been, and must be, the Rock that we drowned souls must swim to.

A Young New Jerusalem.

I think it is possible on earth to build a young New Jerusalem, a little new heaven of this surpassing love. God, either send me more of this love, or take me quickly over the water where I may be filled with his love.

Aim at Christ with your Love.

It is easy to master an arrow and set it right ere the string be drawn, but when once it is shot and in the air, and the flight begun, then ye have no more power at all to command it.

Summer Hereafter.

It is but folly to measure the gospel by summer and winter weather. The summer sun of saints shineth not on them in this life.

A Happy Absence.

Oh, if I could creep but one foot or half a foot nearer in to Jesus, in such a dismal night as that in which he is away, I should think it an happy absence.

Value of Clouds.

I know that as the night and shadows are good for flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than a continual sun, so is Christ's absence of special use; and that it hath some nourishing virtue in it, and giveth sap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field to faith to put forth itself and to exercise its fingers in gripping it seeth not what.

Near Neighbours.

Faith is ever neighbour to a contrite spirit, and it is impossible that faith can be where there is not a cast down and contrite heart in some measure for sin.

Penitence.

I am laid low when I remember what I am, and that my outside casteth such a lustre when I find so little within.

Conscience on Wheels.

Alas, that so many in these days are carried with the times, as if their conscience rolled upon oiled wheels, so do they go any way the wind bloweth them.

A Way of Crosses.

Take what way we can to heaven, the way is hedged up with crosses. There is no way but to break through them.

Faith in Darkness.

Oh, if we could wait on for a time and believe in the dark the salvation of God!

The Badge.

Suffering is the badge that Christ hath put upon his followers.

Let God have his own.

Take no heavier lift of your children than your Lord alloweth. If your Lord take any of them home to his house before the storm come on, take it well. The owner of the orchard may take down two or three apples of his own trees before midsummer and ere they get the harvest sun.

They are not lost to you; they are laid up so well as that they are coffered in heaven where our Lord's best jewels lie.

A Panting Lord.

Your Lord Jesus did sweat and pant ere he got up that mount. He was at "Father, save me!" with it.

The Hardest Part.

Sanctification and mortification of our lusts are the hardest part of Christianity.

Courage!

Pluck up your heart; heaven is yours, and that is a word few can say.

If only He be Glorified.

I would take all well at my Lord's hands that he hath done if I knew that I could do my Lord any service in my sufferings.

Oh, for the Humblest Office!

Oh, that I might but stand in Christ's outhouse, or hold a candle in any low vault of his house!

Poor Material.

Oh, I am made of unbelief, and cannot swim but where my feet may touch the ground!

Only Good.

As for Christ's cross, I never received evil of it but what was of mine own making. For since it was on the back of Christ, it hath always a sweet smell, and these 1600 years it keepeth the smell of Christ.

Distortions.

Temptations represent Christ ever unlike himself, and we in our folly listen to the tempter.

Will Up—Wisdom Down.

I wonder at the enemies of Christ (in whom malice hath run away with wisdom, and will is up and wisdom down) that they would essay to lift up the Stone laid in Zion. Surely it is not laid in such sinking ground as that they can raise it or remove it.

Ever the Same.

I never knew Christ to ebb or flow, wax or wane; his winds turn not; when he seemeth to change, it is but we who turn our wrong side to him.

On Good Terms.

I am still in good terms with Christ; however my Lord's wind blow, I have the advantage of the cabin and sunny side of Christ.

Up Hill.

I find it hard to fetch heaven. Oh, that we would take pains on our lamps for the Bridegroom's coming!

Make Sure.

Make now sure work, and see that the old house be casten down and razed from the foundation, and the new building of your soul be of Christ's own laying. For then wind nor storm shall neither loose it nor shake it asunder.

Miskenning Christ.

Many misken Christ because he hath the cross on his back; but he will cause us all to laugh yet.

He may not part with his Cross.

Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, howbeit Christ and his cross part at heaven's door. For there is no house-room for crosses in heaven.

"Half Mine!"

I find that his sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing that Christ saith of my cross—"Half mine!"

My only Joy.

They have put out my one poor eye, my only joy, to preach Christ, and to go errands betwixt him and his bride.

Christ at the Marriage.

I have heard of your daughter's marriage. I pray the Lord Jesus to subscribe the contract, and to be at the banquet as he was at the marriage of Cana of Galilee. Let her give Christ the love of her virginity and espousals, and choose him first as her husband, and that match shall bless the other.

Quit of Superfluities.

It is a great business to make quit of superfluities, and of those things which Christ cannot dwell with.

Eternal.

His works have no shorter date than to stand for evermore.

Wo is me—a Man of Unclean Lips!

I have been somewhat nearer the Bridegroom. But when I draw nigh and see my vileness, for shame I would be out of his presence again. Oh, what am I, so loathsome a burden of sin, to stand beside such a holy and beautiful Lord!

A Velvet Cross.

I know that no man hath a velvet cross, but the cross is made of that which God will have it.

Here and There.

When we are over the water, Christ shall cry down crosses and up heaven for evermore.

There and Here.

I marvel not that winter is without heaven, for there is no winter within it; all the saints, therefore, have their own winter before their eternal summer. Oh, for the long day, and the high sun, and the fair garden, and the King's great city up above these visible heavens!

His Will.

What God layeth on me let me suffer; for some have one cross, some seven, some ten, some half a cross, yet all the saints have whole and full joy, and seven crosses have seven joys.

No New Thing.

Ere ye were born, crosses in number, measure, and weight were written for you, and your Lord will lead you through them.

Pride's Madness.

"If he will not be friends, let him go," saith Pride. Beware of this thief when Christ offereth himself.

A Great Crime.

Ye wrong Christ by doubting and misbelief; for this is to nickname Christ and term him a liar; which being spoken to our prince would be hanging or beheading. But Christ hangeth not always for treason.

Never Mind How.

I grant that many are blinded in rejoicing in a good cheap conversion that never cost them a sick night. Christ's physic wrought in a day-dream upon them. But for that I would say, if other marks be found that Christ is indeed come in, never make plea with him, because he will not answer, "Lord Jesus, how comest thou in?" Whether in at door or window, make him welcome; he is come in.

Not merely for His Gifts.

A son loveth his mother because she is his mother, howbeit she be poor, and he loveth her for an apple also. I hope ye will not say that benefits are the only reason and bottom of your love. It seemeth there is a better foundation for it.

Christ Works as he will.

Christ beginneth young with many, and stealeth into their hearts ere they wit of themselves, and becometh homely with them with little din and noise.

Upward!

Up, up after your lover that ye may be together!

A Sweet Law.

It is a sweet law of the New Covenant, and a privilege of the new burgh, that citizens pay according to their means. For the New Covenant saith not so much obedience by ounce-weights, and no less under pain of damnation: Christ taketh as poor men give.

The Kiss and the Cross.

O lovely, lovely Jesus, how sweet must thy kisses be when thy cross smelleth so sweetly!

Meat in Hunger.

Hunger on, for there is meat in hunger for Christ.

Public and Private.

Ye question when ye win to more fervency sometimes with your neighbour in prayer than when you are alone whether hypocrisy be in it or not. I answer, if this be always, no question there is a spice of hypocrisy in it, which should be taken heed to. But possibly desertion may be in private and presence in public, and then the case is clear.

Desertion.

Sometimes Christ hath an errand elsewhere for mere trial, and then, though ye give him king's cheer, he will away.

What could be better?

Let God make of you what he will, he will end all with consolation, and will make glory out of your sufferings; and would you wish better work?

God's Workmen.

Losses, disappointments, ill-tongues, loss of friends, houses, or country, are God's workmen, set on work to work out good to you out of every thing that befalleth you.

A Smitten Faith.

My closed mouth, my dumb Sabbaths, the memory of my communion with Christ in many fair, fair days in Anwoth, hath almost broken my faith in two halves.

The Tree and the Apples.

I fear that I adore his comforts more than himself, and that I love the apples of life more than the Tree of Life.

The Chariot and the Cold Bed.

We would all be glad to divide the spoil with Christ, and to ride in triumph with him; but oh, how few will take a cold bed of straw in the camp with him!

Cross-Fruit.

I know no tree that beareth sweeter fruit than Christ's cross.

Only let me not Injure Him!

If my Lord get no wrong of me, verily I desire grace not to care what become of me.

My Lamp in the Darkness.

In my sad days he has become the flower of my joys.

Be not Dismayed.

If your Lord call you to suffering, be not dismayed. There shall be a new allowance of the king for you when you come to it. One of the softest pillows Christ hath is laid under his witnesses' head, though often they must set down their bare feet among thorns.

Christ the Gainer.

My trials are heavy because of my sad Sabbaths, but I know that they are less than my high provocations. I seek no more than that Christ may be the gainer and I the loser, that he may be raised and heightened, and I cried down, and my worth be made dust before his glory.

A Bright Prospect.

How will ye rejoice in that day to have Christ, angels, heaven, and your own conscience to smile upon you.

Self and Heaven.

Ye are as near heaven as far from yourself.

Well in Christ.

If any ask how I do, I answer, None can be but well who are in Christ, and if it were not so, my sufferings had melted me away in ashes and smoke.

A Smoky House.

It is a good country which we are going to, and there is ill lodging in this smoky house of the world in which we are yet living. Oh, that we should love smoke so well, and clay that holdeth our feet fast!

Roll your Cares on the great Burden-Bearer.

Let Christ know how heavy and how many a stone-weight you and your cares, burdens, crosses, and sins are. Let him bear all.

Dead to the World.

I owe to this stormy world, whose kindness and heart to me have been made of iron, not a look; I owe it no love, no hope: and therefore, oh, if my love were dead to it and my soul dead to it!

Too Late.

I am sure that many kings, princes, and nobles, in the day of Christ's second coming, would be glad to run errands for Christ, even barefooted, through fire and water; but in that day he will have none of their service.

A Painted Providence.

I painted a providence of my own, and wrote ease for myself, and a peaceable ministry, and the sun shining on me, till I should be in at heaven's gates. Such green and raw thoughts had I of God!

The Top and Root of my Joys.

Seeing I am not this world's debtor, I desire that I may be stripped of all confidence in anything but my Lord; that he may be the morning and evening tide; the top and root of my joys, and the heart, and flower and yolk of all my delights. Oh, let me never lodge any creature in my heart and confidence! Let the house be for him.

Ease in Zion.

Verily for myself, I am so well pleased with Christ, and his noble and honest born cross, this cross that is come of Christ's house, and is of kin to himself, that I would weep if it should come to exchanging and bartering of lots and conditions with those that are at "ease in Zion."

Mercy without Brim or Bottom.

I know that thou thyself art mercy without brim or bottom. I know that thou art a God bank-full of mercy and love. But oh, alas, little of it cometh my way. I die to look afar off to that love, because I can get but little of it. But Hope saith, "This providence shall ere long look more favourably upon poor bodies, and on me also."

Hungered of Hunger.

I think myself also hungered of hunger. The rich Lord Jesus satisfy a famished man!

Glorious Terms.

I cannot but write to your ladyship of the sweet and glorious terms I am in with the most joyful King that ever was under this well-thriving and prosperous cross.

The Safest Course.

Certainly the sweetest, safest course is for this short time of the afternoon of this old and declining world to stand for Jesus.

Gone while I Sleep.

Sometimes, while I have Christ in my arms, I fall asleep in the sweetness of his presence, and he, in my sleep, stealeth away out of my arms, and when I wake I miss him.

King of All.

Christ is king of crosses, and king of devils, and king over hell, and king over malice. When he was in his grave, he came out and brought the keys with him. He is Lord Jailor. Nay, what say I? He is Captain of the Castle, and has the keys of Hell and of Death.

Happiness Enough.

God send me no more happiness in heaven or out of heaven than Christ.

An Art Hard to Learn.

Oh, what art is it to learn to endure hardness, and to learn to go barefooted, either through the devil's fiery coals or his frozen waters!

Sell all for Christ.

I can say more of Christ now by experience, (though he be infinitely above all that can be said of him) than when I saw you. I am drowned over head and ears in his love. Sell, sell, sell all things for Christ!

Unceasing Prayer.

I never eat but I pray for you all. Pray for me. Ye and I shall see one another up in our Father's house.

Winds Favouring, though Cold.

Devils and men and crosses are our debtors, death and all storms are our debtors, to blow our poor tossed bark over the water freight-free, and to set the travellers on their own known ground.

Lose no Time.

I know that ye see your thread wearing short, and that there are not many inches to the thread's end. And therefore lose not time.

The Keys with Christ.

How sad a prisoner should I be if I knew not that my Lord Jesus had the keys of my prison himself, and that his death and blood have brought a prison to our crosses as well as to ourselves.

A Mistake Corrected.

I imagined that a sufferer for Christ kept the keys of Christ's treasure, and might take out his heartful of comfort whenever he pleased. But I see a sufferer and a witness shall be holden at the door, as well as another poor sinner, and glad to eat with the bairns, and to take the by-board.

An ill Second.

This is that which presseth me down and paineth me, Jesus Christ in his saints, sitteth neighbour with an ill second, corruption, deadness, coldness, pride, lust, worldliness, self-love, security, falsehood, and a world more the like which I find in me, that are daily doing violence to the New Man.

Christ in Court with the Prisoner.

I have been before a court set up within me of terrors and challenges. But my sweet Lord Jesus hath taken the mask off his face, and said, "Kiss thy fill."

Bank-Full.

I am bank and brim-full. A great, high spring-tide of the consolations of Christ hath overflowed me.

Love for the Flock.

Pray for my poor flock. I would take a penance on my soul for their salvation. There I wrestled with the angel and prevailed. Woods, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses that I drew on a fair meeting betwixt Christ and Anwoth.

Good Cause to Fight.

We have the sunny side of the world, and our paradise is far above theirs, yea, our weeping is above their laughing, and therefore we have good cause to fight it out, or the day of our laureation is approaching. I find my prison the sweetest place that ever I was in.

A Safe Thread.

Howbeit my faith hang by a small stitch and thread, I hope that the stitch shall not break; and howbeit my Lord get no service of me but broken wishes, yet I trust that those services will be accepted upon Christ's account.

Winnowing.

Who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us, and what dross must be taken away ere we enter into the kingdom of God?

A Good Foundation-Stone.

I find it the most sweet and heavenly life to take up house and dwelling at Christ's fireside, and set down my tent upon Christ, that Foundation-Stone, which is sure and faithful ground.

Any Conditions he pleases.

I should be content that Christ and I met, suppose he should stand on the other side of hell's lake, and cry to me, "Either put in your foot and come through, else ye shall not have me at all."

My Pension.

What hold I of this world? A borrowed lodging, and some years' house-room, and bread, and water, and fire, and bed, and candle, etc., are all a part of the pension of my King and Lord, to whom I owe thanks, and not to a creature.

Impatient Patience.

I see that there is a sort of impatient patience required in the want of Christ as to his manifestations and waiting on.

Do thy will on us.

Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do anything that may perfect the Father's image in us and make us meet for glory.

Plead for Christ.

Plead for borne-down Christ and his weeping gospel.

Help Christ.

Oh, what glory and true honour it is to lend Christ your hand and service, and to be amongst the repairers of the breaches of Zion's walls, and to help to build the old waste places!

Sure Pay.

No man dare say who did ever thus hazard for Christ, that Christ paid him not his hundredfold in this life duly, and in the life to come life everlasting.

My Joy.

I always, but now most of all in my bonds, (most sweet bonds for Christ my Lord,) rejoice to hear of your faith and love, and to hear that our King, our well-Beloved, our Bridegroom, without tiring, stayeth still to woo you as his wife, and that persecutions and mocking sinners have not chased away the wooer from the house.

The Best Half of Heaven.

Sure I am that he is the far best half of heaven, yea, he is all of heaven, and more than all heaven.

All for Christ.

Oh, that I could sell my laughter, joy, ease, and all for him, and be content with a straw bed and bread by weight, and water by measure, in the camp of our weeping Christ!

Take a Good Grip.

Many take but half a grip of Christ, and the wind bloweth them and Christ asunder.

All or None.

Christ and his truth will not divide, and his truth hath not latitude and breadth that ye may take some of it and leave other some of it.

Martyr Sin.

Except men martyr and slay the body of sin in sanctified self-denial, they shall never be Christ's martyrs and faithful witnesses.

Empty Lamps.

Try and make sure of your profession, that ye carry not empty lamps.

The Crook in the Lot.

If ye mind to walk to heaven without a cramp or a crook, I fear that ye must go your lone.

A Timeous Word.

Your timeous word "not to delight in the cross, but in Him who sweeteneth it," came to me in due time. I find the consolations and off-fallings that follow the cross of Christ so sweet that I almost forgot myself. My desire and purpose is, when Christ's honey-combs drop, neither to refuse to receive and feed upon his comforts, nor to make joy—my new-found heaven.

Unwelcome Joys.

If joy and comforts come single and alone, without Christ himself, I think I would send them back again the gate they came, and not make them welcome.

I would be further in upon Christ than at his joys. They stand upon the outer side of Christ. I wish to be in as a seal upon his heart, in where his love and mercy lodgeth beside his heart.

More than we know.

We are like the young heir who knoweth not the whole bounds of his lordship.

Self a Sacrifice if Christ be Crowned.

Let never dew lie on my branches, and let my poor flower wither at the root, so that Christ were enthroned and his glory advanced in all the world.

Thou art Fair, my Love.

O all flesh, O dust and ashes, O angels, O glorified spirits, O all the shields of the world, be silent before him; come hither and behold our Bridegroom; stand still and wonder for ever at him.

Content outside the Walls.

I would rest content, with a heart submissive and dying of love for him. And howbeit I never win personally in at the gates of heaven, oh, would to God I could send in my praises to my incomparable well-Beloved, or cast my love-songs of that matchless Lord Jesus over the walls, that they might light in his lap before men and angels!

THE END.

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